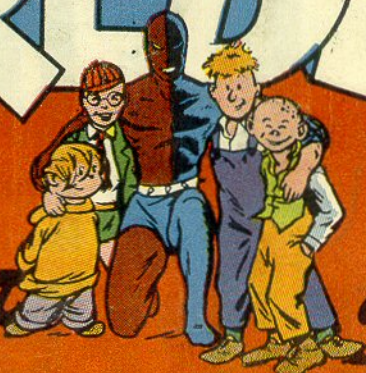


THE COMIC MAGAZINE THAT DARED TO BE DIFFERENT!



JULY  
NO. 49

# DAREDEVIL



10¢ *The Greatest* in Comics

**IN THIS** as in every issue  
**2**  
**DAREDEVIL**  
stories

LEV GLEASON, PUBLISHER · CHARLES BIRO AND BOB WOOD, EDITORS



ALL YE WHO LEAVE HERE  
LEAVE ONLY IN BODY.  
HIS SPIRIT MUST REMAIN  
HERE FOREVER. NO. 1

CHARLES BIRO

ACCORDING TO OUR RULES, ALL ARGUMENTS MUST BE SETTLED BY MORTAL COMBAT! CHOOSE YOUR WEAPONS!

WITH ALL THE MOVIES I'VE SEEN ABOUT DUELING, I STAND AS GOOD A CHANCE AS HE DOES! THIS IS HOW MATTIE MUST'VE GOTTEN KILLED!

IT WASN'T FAIR—HE STABBED CURLY WHEN HIS BACK WAS TURNED!

OW! HEY, I WASN'T READY!



YOU DOPE—WHO CARES ABOUT BEIN' FAIR? IT WAS SMART—THAT'S WHAT COUNTS! ONLY SUCKERS ARE FAIR!







# WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM





"Thanks to the Spot Reducer I lost four inches around the hips and three inches around the waistline. It's amazing." Mary Martin, Long Island City, N. Y.

Reducing Specialist Says:

# LOSE WEIGHT

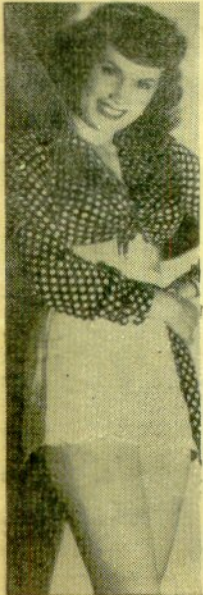
where it shows most

# REDUCE

most any part of the body with

# SPOT REDUCER

Like a magic wand, the "Spot Reducer" obeys your every wish. Most any part of your body where it is loose and flabby, wherever you have extra weight and inches, the "Spot Reducer" can aid you in acquiring a youthful, slender and graceful figure. The beauty of this scientifically designed Reducer is that the method is so simple and easy, the results quick, sure and harmless. No exercises or strict diets. No steambaths, drugs or laxatives.



Miss Nancy Mace, Bronx, N. Y., says: "I went from size 16 dress to a size 12 with the use of the Spot Reducer. I am glad I used it"

Thousands have lost weight this way—in hips, abdomen, legs, arms, etc. The same method used by many stage, screen and radio personalities and leading reducing salons. The "Spot Reducer" can be used in your spare time, in the privacy of your own room. It breaks down fatty tissues, tones the muscles and flesh, and the increased, awakened blood circulation carries away waste fat. Two weeks after using the "Spot Reducer," look in the mirror and see a more glamorous, better, firmer, slimmer figure that will delight you. You have nothing to lose but weight for the "Spot Reducer" is sold on a

If the "Spot Reducer" doesn't do the wonders for you as it has for others, if you don't lose weight and inches where you want to lose it most, if you're not 100% delighted with the results, your money will be returned at once.



Marie Hammel, New York, N. Y., says: "I used to wear a size 20 dress, now I wear size 14, thanks to the Spot Reducer. It was fun and I enjoyed it."

A large size jar of Special Formula Body Massage Cream will be included FREE with your order for the "Spot Reducer."

## MAIL COUPON NOW!

THE "SPOT REDUCER" CO., DEPT. LG-4  
871 Broad St., Newark, New Jersey

Send me at once, for \$2 cash, check or money order, the "Spot Reducer" and your famous Special Formula Body Massage Cream, post-paid. If I am not 100% satisfied, my money will be refunded.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

**MONEY BACK GUARANTEE**  
with a 10-DAY FREE TRIAL

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# BAD SKIN?

Stop Worrying About Pimples, Blackheads and Other Externally Caused Skin Troubles

Try Skin Doctor's Amazing Simple Directions and Be Thrilled with the Difference—  
Often So Much

## CLEARER IN JUST ONE SHORT WEEK

Have you ever stopped to realize that the leading screen stars whom you admire, as well as the beautiful models who have lovely, soft white skin, were all born just like you with a lovely smooth skin?

The truth is that many girls and women do not give their skin a chance to show off the natural beauty that lies hidden underneath those externally caused pimples, blackheads and irritations. For almost anyone can have the natural, normal complexion which is in itself beauty. All you have to do is follow a few amazingly simple rules.

Many women shut themselves out of the thrills of life—dates, romance, popularity, social and business success—only because sheer neglect has robbed them of the good looks, poise and feminine self-assurance which could so easily be theirs. Yes, everybody looks at your face. The beautiful complexion, which is yours for the asking, is like a permanent card of admission to all the good things of life that every woman craves. And it really can be yours—take my word for it!—no matter how discouraged you may be this very minute about those externally caused skin miseries.

Medical science gives us the truth about a lovely skin. There are small specks of dust and dirt in the air all the time. When these get into the open pores in your skin, they can in time cause the pores to become larger and more susceptible to dirt particles, dust and infection. These open pores begin to form blackheads which become in-

fectured and bring you the humiliation of pimples, blackheads or other blemishes. When you neglect your skin by not giving it the necessary care, you leave yourself wide open to externally caused skin miseries. Yet proper attention with the double Viderm treatment may mean the difference between enjoying the confidence a fine skin gives you or the embarrassment of an ugly, unattractive skin that makes you want to hide your face.



The double Viderm treatment is a formula prescribed by a skin doctor with amazing success, and costs you only a few cents daily. This treatment consists of two jars. One contains Viderm Skin Cleanser, a jelly-like formula which penetrates and acts as an antiseptic upon your pores. After you use this special Viderm Skin Cleanser, you simply apply the Viderm Fortified Medicated Skin Cream. You rub this in, leaving an almost invisible protective covering for the surface of your skin.

This double treatment has worked wonders for so many cases of external skin troubles that it may help you, too—in fact, your money will be refunded



if it doesn't. Use it for only ten days. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose. It is a guaranteed treatment. Enjoy it. Your dream of a clear, smooth complexion may come true in ten days or less.

Use your double Viderm treatment every day until your skin is smoother and clearer. Then use it only once a week to remove stale make-up and dirt specks that infect your pores, as well as to aid in healing external irritations. Remember that when you help prevent blackheads, you also help to prevent externally caused skin miseries and pimples.

Incidentally, while your two jars and the doctor's directions are on their way to you, be sure to wash your face as often as necessary. First use warm water, then cleanse with water as cold as you can stand it, in order to freshen, stimulate and help close your pores. After you receive everything, read your directions carefully. Then go right to it and let these two fine formulas help your dreams of a beautiful skin come true.

Just mail your name and address to Betty Memphis, care of the New York Skin Laboratory, 206 Division Street, Dept. 430, New York 2, N. Y. By return mail you will receive the doctor's directions, and both jars, packed in a safety-sealed carton. On delivery, pay two dollars plus postage. If you wish, you can save the postage fee by mailing the two dollars with your letter. If you are in any way dissatisfied, your money will be cheerfully refunded. To give you an idea of how fully tested and proven the Viderm double treatment is, it may interest you to know that, up to this month, over two hundred and twelve thousand women have ordered it on my recommendation. If you could only see the thousands of happy, grateful letters that have come to me as a result, you would know the joy this simple treatment can bring. And, think of it!—the treatment must work for you, or it doesn't cost you a cent.





# DAREDEVIL

## and the LITTLE WISE GUYS

STORY  
CHARLES  
BIRO

MAYBE WE'D  
BETTER GO IN—  
CURLY MAY  
NEED US!

NO—HE  
SAID TO  
WAIT TILL HE  
SIGNALLED!

READY...  
AIM...

**T**HE INVINCIBILITY OF GOOD OVER BAD THROUGH MANKIND'S HISTORY IS NOT A COINCIDENCE! IT SEEMS TO BE A NATURAL LAW! THE WHITE CORPUSCLES IN THE BLOOD WILL ATTACK AND DESTROY THE BAD GERMS! SOMETIMES THE ACTION IS SLOW, BUT IT'S RELENTLESS! WHEREVER EVIL MOBILIZES, A STRONGER AND GREATER FORCE FOR GOOD IS PREPARING ITS DESTRUCTION!

THIS STORY IS A POCKET-SIZE ILLUSTRATION OF THIS HEAVENLY FORCE IN ACTION!

*Charles Biro*

drawn by  
NORMAN  
MAURER

SCARECROW, WILL YOU PLEASE RELAX FOR A WHILE? YOU'RE WEARIN' ME DOWN JUST LOOKIN' AT YOU!

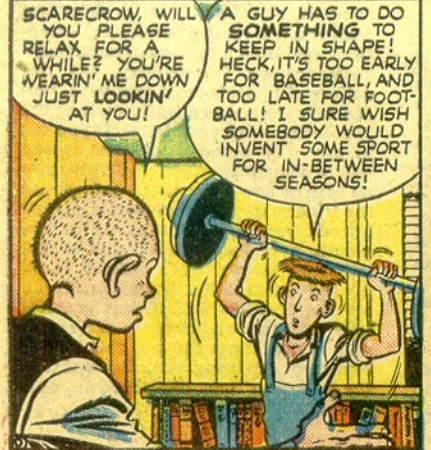
A GUY HAS TO DO SOMETHING TO KEEP IN SHAPE! HECK, IT'S TOO EARLY FOR BASEBALL, AND TOO LATE FOR FOOTBALL! I SURE WISH SOMEBODY WOULD INVENT SOME SPORT FOR IN-BETWEEN SEASONS!

YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN, SCARECROW! HOW'S ABOUT GOING DOWN TO THE P.A.L. FOR SOME OF THAT MANLY ART CALLED BOXING! WE COULD ALL STAND THE EXERCISE!

WHAT A KEEN IDEA—THOSE IN FAVOR SAY 'AYE'AYE!

IT'S AWFUL QUIET AROUND HERE FOR A SATURDAY AFTERNOON! WHERE IS EVERYBODY?

THEY'RE ALL DOWN AT MATTIE PROCTOR'S FUNERAL OVER ON JONES STREET!



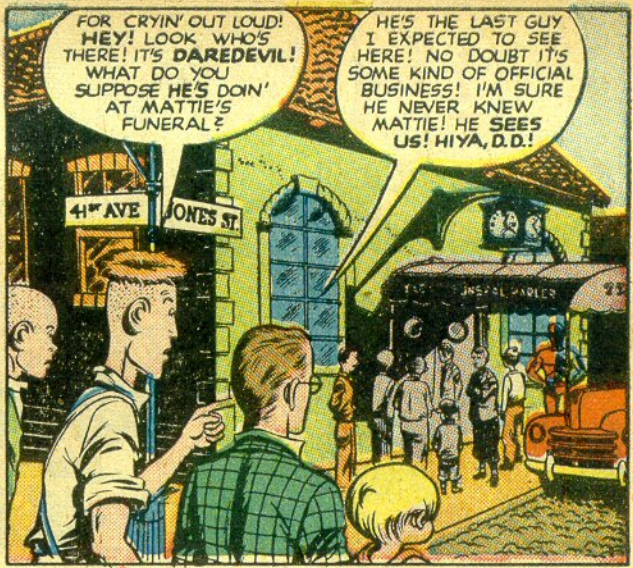




HEY, NO FOOLIN'! MATTIE PROCTOR, EH? YEAH, I KNEW HIM! GOSH, WHEN DID HE DIE? WHAT HAPPENED? GEE, THAT'S TOO BAD!

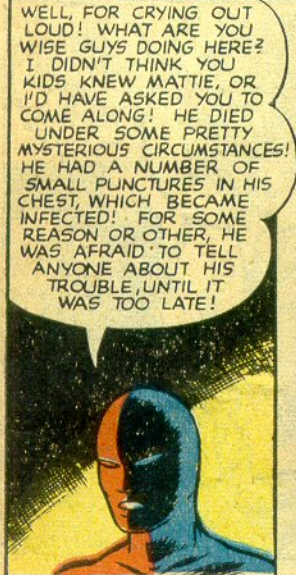
YEAH, I KNOW! IT'S TOUGH! HE HAD SOME KIND OF AN ACCIDENT! AT LEAST THAT'S WHAT I HEARD!

WE SHOULD PAY OUR RESPECTS! I NEVER KNEW MATTIE VERY WELL, BUT HE WAS A KID ABOUT OUR AGE!

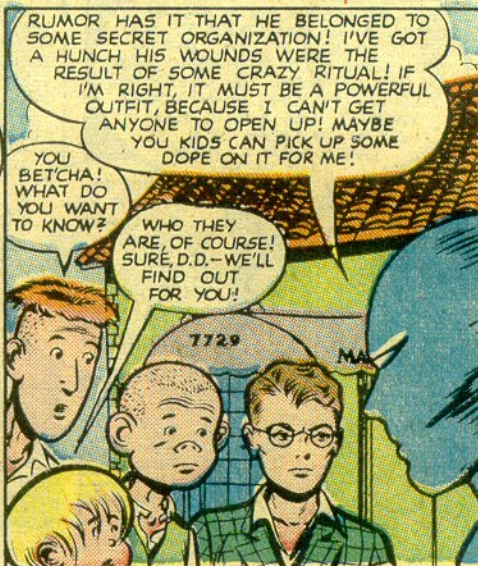


FOR CRYIN' OUT LOUD! HEY! LOOK WHO'S THERE! IT'S DAREDEVIL! WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE HE'S DOIN' AT MATTIE'S FUNERAL?

HE'S THE LAST GUY I EXPECTED TO SEE HERE! NO DOUBT IT'S SOME KIND OF OFFICIAL BUSINESS! I'M SURE HE NEVER KNEW MATTIE! HE SEES US! HIYA, D.D.!



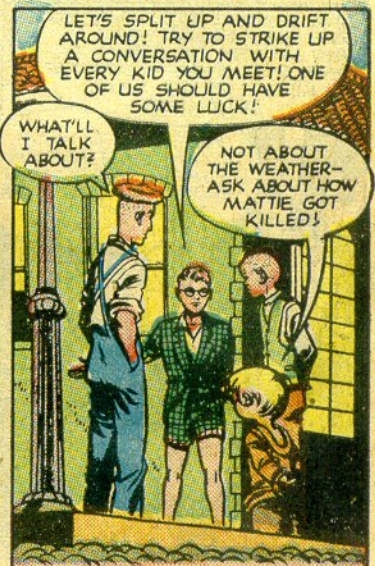
WELL, FOR CRYING OUT LOUD! WHAT ARE YOU WISE GUYS DOING HERE? I DIDN'T THINK YOU KIDS KNEW MATTIE, OR I'D HAVE ASKED YOU TO COME ALONG! HE DIED UNDER SOME PRETTY MYSTERIOUS CIRCUMSTANCES! HE HAD A NUMBER OF SMALL PUNCTURES IN HIS CHEST, WHICH BECAME INFECTED! FOR SOME REASON OR OTHER, HE WAS AFRAID TO TELL ANYONE ABOUT HIS TROUBLE, UNTIL IT WAS TOO LATE!



RUMOR HAS IT THAT HE BELONGED TO SOME SECRET ORGANIZATION! I'VE GOT A HUNCH HIS WOUNDS WERE THE RESULT OF SOME CRAZY RITUAL! IF I'M RIGHT, IT MUST BE A POWERFUL OUTFIT, BECAUSE I CAN'T GET ANYONE TO OPEN UP! MAYBE YOU KIDS CAN PICK UP SOME DOPE ON IT FOR ME!

YOU BETCHA! WHAT DO YOU WANT TO KNOW?

WHO THEY ARE, OF COURSE! SURE, D.D.-WE'LL FIND OUT FOR YOU!



LET'S SPLIT UP AND DRIFT AROUND! TRY TO STRIKE UP A CONVERSATION WITH EVERY KID YOU MEET! ONE OF US SHOULD HAVE SOME LUCK!

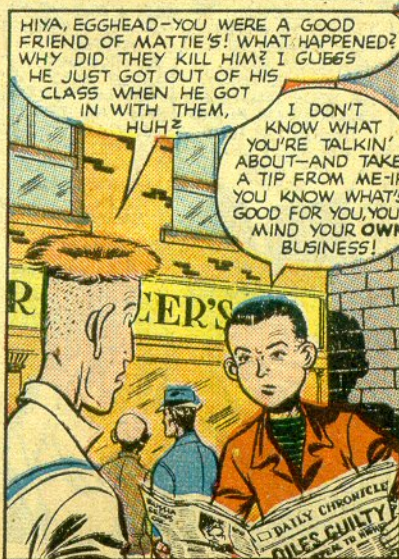
WHAT'LL I TALK ABOUT?

NOT ABOUT THE WEATHER-ASK ABOUT HOW MATTIE GOT KILLED!



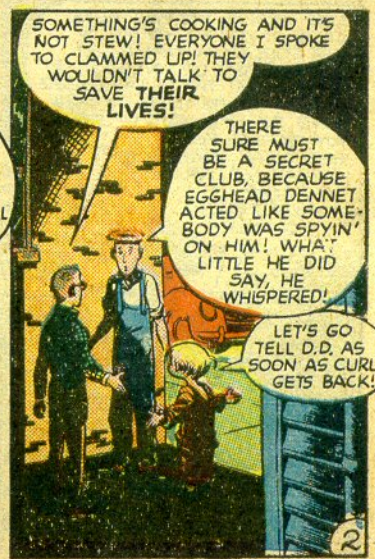
HIYA, JIBBER! IT'S TOUGH ABOUT MATTIE, HUH? WHAT DO YOU THINK ABOUT HIS ACCIDENT?

IT'S NO SKIN OFF MY NOSE-IT AIN'T HEALTHY TO BE NOSEY! HE KNEW WHAT HE WAS GETTIN' INTO, SO WHATEVER HAPPENED WAS HIS OWN FAULT!



HIYA, EGGHEAD-YOU WERE A GOOD FRIEND OF MATTIE'S! WHAT HAPPENED? WHY DID THEY KILL HIM? I GUESS HE JUST GOT OUT OF HIS CLASS WHEN HE GOT IN WITH THEM, HUH?

I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKIN' ABOUT-AND TAKE A TIP FROM ME-IF YOU KNOW WHAT'S GOOD FOR YOU, YOU'LL MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS!

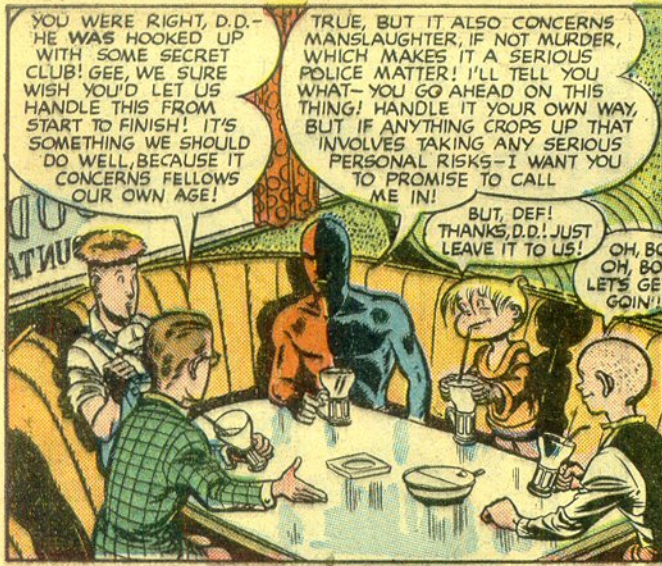


SOMETHING'S COOKING AND IT'S NOT STEW! EVERYONE I SPOKE TO CLAMMED UP! THEY WOULDN'T TALK TO SAVE THEIR LIVES!

THERE SURE MUST BE A SECRET CLUB, BECAUSE EGGHEAD DENNET ACTED LIKE SOMEBODY WAS SPYIN' ON HIM! WHAT LITTLE HE DID SAY, HE WHISPERED!

LET'S GO TELL D.D. AS SOON AS CURLY GETS BACK!



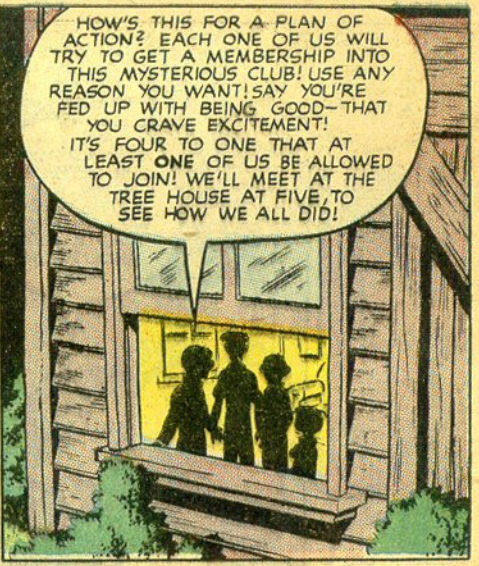


YOU WERE RIGHT, D.D.— HE WAS HOOKED UP WITH SOME SECRET CLUB! GEE, WE SURE WISH YOU'D LET US HANDLE THIS FROM START TO FINISH! IT'S SOMETHING WE SHOULD DO WELL, BECAUSE IT CONCERNS FELLOWS OUR OWN AGE!

TRUE, BUT IT ALSO CONCERNS MANSLAUGHTER, IF NOT MURDER, WHICH MAKES IT A SERIOUS POLICE MATTER! I'LL TELL YOU WHAT—YOU GO AHEAD ON THIS THING! HANDLE IT YOUR OWN WAY, BUT IF ANYTHING CROPS UP THAT INVOLVES TAKING ANY SERIOUS PERSONAL RISKS—I WANT YOU TO PROMISE TO CALL ME IN!

BUT, DEF! THANKS, D.D.! JUST LEAVE IT TO US!

OH, BOY, OH, BOY, LET'S GET GOIN'!

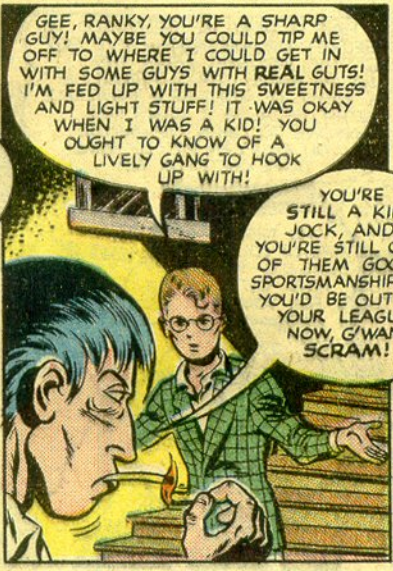


HOW'S THIS FOR A PLAN OF ACTION? EACH ONE OF US WILL TRY TO GET A MEMBERSHIP INTO THIS MYSTERIOUS CLUB! USE ANY REASON YOU WANT! SAY YOU'RE FED UP WITH BEING GOOD—THAT YOU CRAVE EXCITEMENT! IT'S FOUR TO ONE THAT AT LEAST ONE OF US BE ALLOWED TO JOIN! WE'LL MEET AT THE TREE HOUSE AT FIVE, TO SEE HOW WE ALL DID!



HIYA, SHANKS! BOY, THINGS SURE ARE DULL AROUND HERE! I'M FED UP WITH THE SPORTS AN' THAT SISSY STUFF—THAT'S FOR KIDS! I CRAVE REAL EXCITEMENT!

HA! LISTEN TO WHO'S TALKIN'! FORGET THAT THRILL STUFF TILL YOU'RE MAN ENOUGH TO TAKE IT—OR YOU MIGHT WIND UP LIKE MATTIE!



GEE, RANKY, YOU'RE A SHARP GUY! MAYBE YOU COULD TIP ME OFF TO WHERE I COULD GET IN WITH SOME GUYS WITH REAL GUTS! I'M FED UP WITH THIS SWEETNESS AND LIGHT STUFF! IT WAS OKAY WHEN I WAS A KID! YOU OUGHT TO KNOW OF A LIVELY GANG TO HOOK UP WITH!

YOU'RE STILL A KID, JOCK, AND YOU'RE STILL ONE OF THEM GOOD SPORTSMANSHIP GUYS! YOU'D BE OUT OF YOUR LEAGUE—NOW, G'WAN, SCRAM!



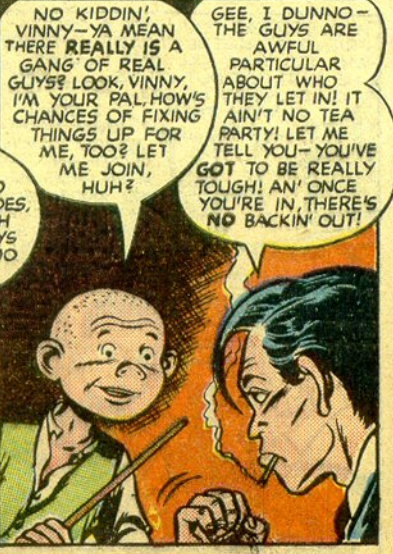
VINNY, DID YOU EVER GET TIRED OF GUYS YOU USED TO LIKE—YOU KNOW, SORT OF GROW UP FASTER THAN THEM, SO THAT ALL THE STUFF THEY DO SEEMS DOPEY LIKE?

YEAH—SURE, I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN! SIDE POCKET!



LIKE NOW, IF THE WISE GUYS CAME IN AN' FOUND ME IN THIS POOLROOM, THEY'D GET ALL STEAMED UP, AN' WANT TO REFORM ME! THEY CAN'T UNDERSTAND THAT I'M TIRED OF THEIR KIND OF LIFE—SICK OF THEM AN' ITCHING FOR SOME REAL THRILLS! WHAT DID YOU DO ABOUT IT, VINNY? CROSS CORNER?

I DROPPED MY OLD CROWD LIKE HOT POTATOES, AN' GOT IN WITH A GANG OF GUYS THAT REALLY DO THINGS!



NO KIDDIN', VINNY—YA MEAN THERE REALLY IS A GANG OF REAL GUYS? LOOK, VINNY, I'M YOUR PAL. HOW'S CHANCES OF FIXING THINGS UP FOR ME, TOO? LET ME JOIN, HUH?

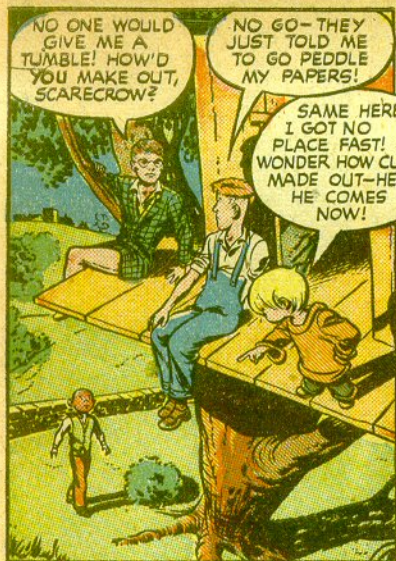
GEE, I DUNNO—THE GUYS ARE AWFUL PARTICULAR ABOUT WHO THEY LET IN! IT AIN'T NO TEA PARTY! LET ME TELL YOU—YOU'VE GOT TO BE REALLY TOUGH! AN' ONCE YOU'RE IN, THERE'S NO BACKIN' OUT!



THAT'S FOR ME, VINNY—THAT'S THE MEDICINE I NEED! YOU GOT PULL, VINNY! YOU CAN MAKE ME A MEMBER!

YOU SOUND LIKE THE KIND OF GUY THE LEADER WANTS! OKAY—NO USE WASTING TIME! THERE'S A MEETIN' TONIGHT! MEET ME AT THE DESERTED GRANITE QUARRY AT EIGHT TONIGHT, AN' DON'T TELL NOBODY—YA HEAR?

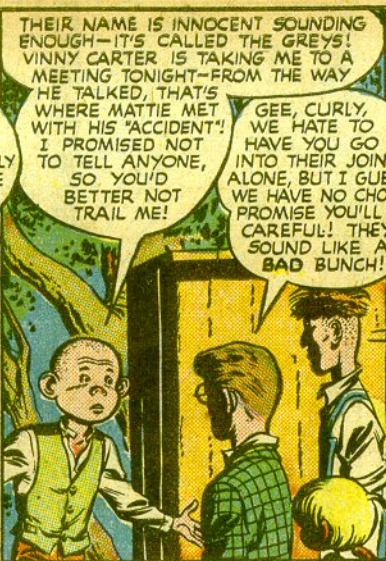




NO ONE WOULD GIVE ME A TUMBLE! HOW'D YOU MAKE OUT, SCARECROW?

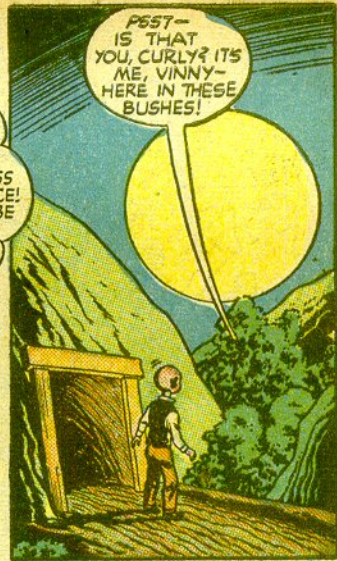
NO GO—THEY JUST TOLD ME TO GO PEDDLE MY PAPERS!

SAME HERE! I GOT NO PLACE FAST! I WONDER HOW CURLY MADE OUT—HERE HE COMES NOW!



THEIR NAME IS INNOCENT SOUNDING ENOUGH—IT'S CALLED THE GREYS! VINNY CARTER IS TAKING ME TO A MEETING TONIGHT—FROM THE WAY HE TALKED, THAT'S WHERE MATTIE MET WITH HIS "ACCIDENT"! I PROMISED NOT TO TELL ANYONE, SO YOU'D BETTER NOT TRAIL ME!

GEE, CURLY, WE HATE TO HAVE YOU GO INTO THEIR JOINT ALONE, BUT I GUESS WE HAVE NO CHOICE! PROMISE YOU'LL BE CAREFUL! THEY SOUND LIKE A BAD BUNCH!



PEST— IS THAT YOU, CURLY? ITS ME, VINNY— HERE IN THESE BUSHES!



EEEE...VINNY? GEE, WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA OF THE HOOD— THIS AIN'T HALLOWEEN! AN' WHAT'S THAT JUNKY OLD LAMP YOU'RE CARRYIN' FOR? THAT COULDN'T BURN IF YOU SOAKED IT IN GASOLINE!

ALL REGULAR MEMBERS WEAR MASKS ON ACCOUNT OF IT'S THAT KIND OF AN ORGANIZATION! AS FOR THE LAMP, IT'S MY DUES— EVERY MEMBER HAS TO BRING SOMETHING AS DUES! IT DON'T COUNT, UNLESS YOU SWIPE IT—AN' YOU GET EXTRA CREDIT IF YOU BRING IN A KNIFE OR GUN—CWON, FOLLOW ME!



WHAT'CHA DOIN' THAT FOR?

IT'S OUR SIGNAL TO THE DOOR GUARDS!



GREAT GUNS— WHAT'S THAT GUY PULLING THAT MINE CAR FOR? THERE'S NOTHIN' IN IT!

BUT THERE WILL BE! GET INTO IT, CURLY! HE'S GONNA PULL US TO HEAD-QUARTERS!



HE'S A NEW MEMBER— THAT'S PART OF HIS INITIATION—HE HAS TO HAUL ALL THE MEMBERS FOR A WEEK! IF YOU'RE ACCEPTED, YOU'LL HAVE TO DO IT, TOO!



HERE WE ARE—NOW FOLLOW ME CAREFULLY! ONE WRONG STEP, AND WELL, I AIN'T SAYIN' WHAT WOULD HAPPEN—BUT I GUESS YOU KNOW WHAT BOOBY TRAPS ARE!





ADVANCE, AND GIVE THE COUNTER-SIGN!

BLOOD AND VENGEANCE. MEMBER EIGHT, AND A NEW MEMBER THAT I'M PROPOSIN'!



PAY YOUR DUES AND ENTER!

ONE OIL LAMP—

OKAY CURLY, KEEP FOLLOWIN' ME! WE'RE NEARLY THERE!



HOLD ON TO MY SHOULDER, SO YOU WON'T FALL INTO ANY SPY TRAPS! THIS IS A DANGEROUS STRETCH—ONLY ONE MORE BEND TO GO!



FEAST YOUR EYES, CURLY! THIS IS IT—HOW DO YOU LIKE IT?

JEEPERS... JEEPERS... JEEPERS!

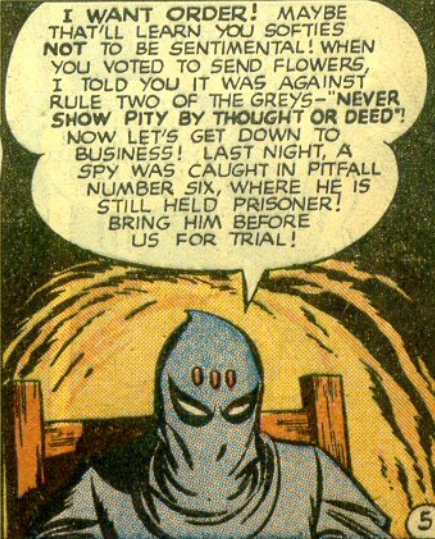


THE MEETING WILL NOW COME TO ORDER! THE SECRETARY WILL READ THE LAST MINUTES!



NUMBER TWELVE REPORTED THAT THE FLOWERS WE SENT TO MATTIE'S FUNERAL WERE THROWN IN THE GARBAGE CAN BY HIS MOTHER!

WHAT? WHY THAT WITCH—WE PAID GOOD MONEY FOR THOSE FLOWERS!



I WANT ORDER! MAYBE THAT'LL LEARN YOU SOFTIES NOT TO BE SENTIMENTAL! WHEN YOU VOTED TO SEND FLOWERS, I TOLD YOU IT WAS AGAINST RULE TWO OF THE GREYS—"NEVER SHOW PITY BY THOUGHT OR DEED"! NOW LET'S GET DOWN TO BUSINESS! LAST NIGHT, A SPY WAS CAUGHT IN PITFALL NUMBER SIX, WHERE HE IS STILL HELD PRISONER! BRING HIM BEFORE US FOR TRIAL!





LET ME GO!  
LET ME GO!  
I DIDN'T DO  
ANYTHING!

WHAT'S PITFALL  
SIX?

A HOLE  
ABOUT FIFTEEN  
FEET DEEP,  
LINED WITH  
JAGGED ROCKS—  
SHHH...



WHO TOLD  
YOU ABOUT THE  
GREYS' MEETING  
PLACE? TALK  
FAST, OR WE'LL  
BEAT IT OUT  
OF YOU!

I...I...NOBODY! DON'T HIT  
ME—DON'T! I'LL TELL YA—  
IT WAS CHUCK MASON!  
HE TOLD ME ABOUT IT!  
I JUST WANTED TO  
SEE WHAT IT  
WAS LIKE!

IT'S A  
LIE—I DIDN'T—  
I DIDN'T  
TELL HIM!



DON'T  
BELIEVE HIM!  
HE'S LYIN'—  
I SWEAR!  
I DIDN'T  
TELL 'IM!

NOW YOU'RE  
GOING TO SEE  
WHAT HAPPENS  
TO MEMBERS WHO  
REVEAL THE SECRETS  
OF THE GREYS!  
PREPARE HIM FOR  
THE TORTURE  
CHAIR!



TRAITORS SHALL BE  
PUNISHED BY TORTURE  
NUMBER 21Z—WOODEN  
SPLINTERS DRIVEN UNDER  
THE FINGERNAILS AND  
THEN IGNITED!

NO!  
PLEASE!

QUIET,  
YOU YELLOW  
BELLY! YOU'RE  
ONLY GETTING  
WHAT YOU  
DESERVE!



PROCEED TO  
SET FIRE TO  
THEM!

EEEEEE...  
NO I  
CAN'T  
STAND THE  
PAIN! I...  
CAN'T!

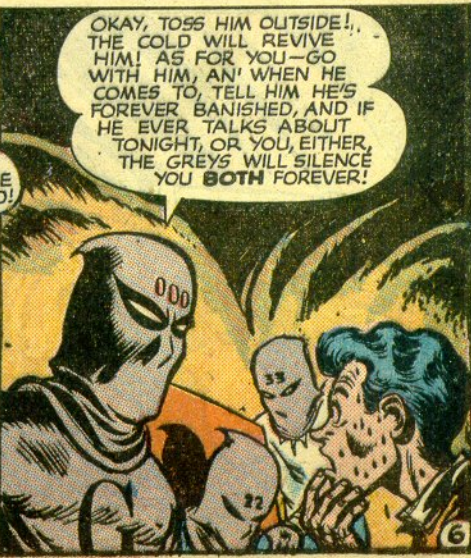


THEY WON'T  
REALLY LET THEM  
BURN DOWN TO  
HIS NAILS, WILL  
THEY? THE POOR  
SLOB... HE'S  
SUFFERING  
ENOUGH  
ALREADY!

OH, NO?  
JUST TURN  
AROUND  
AND  
LOOK!

EEOWWW!  
EEOWWW!

THE  
SISSY—HE  
FAINTED!



OKAY, TOSS HIM OUTSIDE! THE  
COLD WILL REVIVE  
HIM! AS FOR YOU—GO  
WITH HIM, AN' WHEN HE  
COMES TO, TELL HIM HE'S  
FOREVER BANISHED, AND IF  
HE EVER TALKS ABOUT  
TONIGHT, OR YOU, EITHER,  
THE GREYS WILL SILENCE  
YOU BOTH FOREVER!

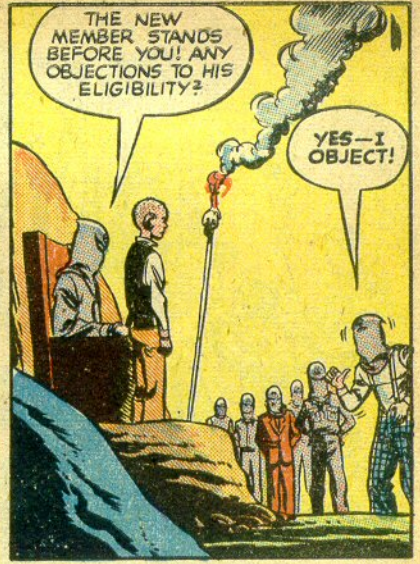




HE KNEW THE PENALTY! IT'S HIS OWN FAULT! THE GREYS AIN'T FOR COWARDS OR TRAITORS! IF YOU WANT TO BACK OUT, DO IT NOW, BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!



THAT MEANS YOU, CURLY! G'WAN, GET UP THERE!



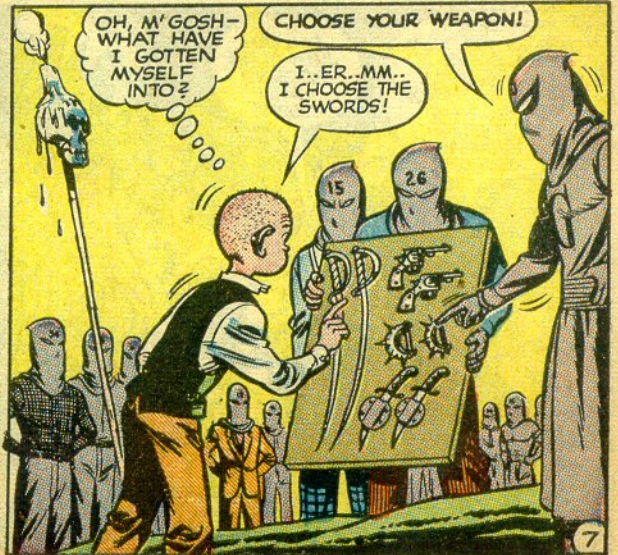
YES—I OBJECT!



WHY, YOU DIRTY LOUSE! I'LL KNOCK YOUR BLOCK OFF—COME UP HERE AN' CALL ME A SISSY—I DARE YA!



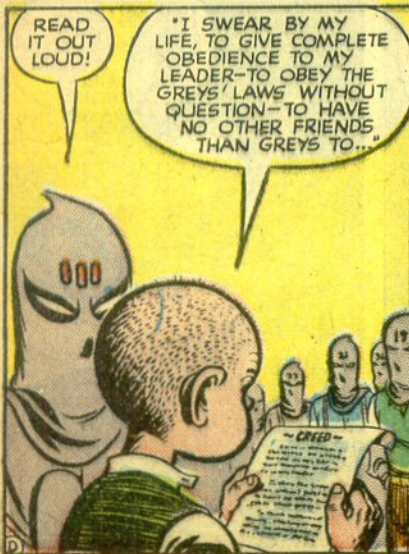
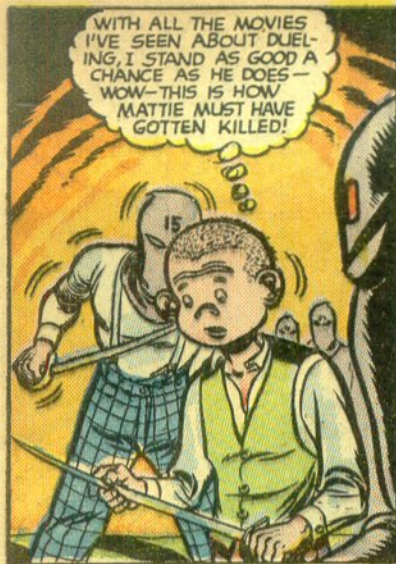
!GULP!  
A DUEL?  
???



CHOOSE YOUR WEAPON!

I..ER..MM.. I CHOOSE THE SWORDS!







ANY MEMBER BRINGING IN A GUN, KNIFE, OR OTHER WEAPON FOR OUR ARSENAL WILL BE PROMOTED TO THE RANK OF LIEUTENANT! THE MORE WEAPONS AN' AMMUNITION WE GET, THE SAFER WE'LL BE FROM INVASION BY COPS AN' RATS LIKE THAT, SO DO YOUR PART! MEETING'S ADJOURNED UNTIL MONDAY...



TAKE CARE OF THAT SWORD WOUND, CURLY! YOU DON'T WANT TO END UP AS A CORPSE, DO YOU? HA, HA—SEE YA MONDAY! SO LONG!

SO LONG, VINNY, AN' THANKS!



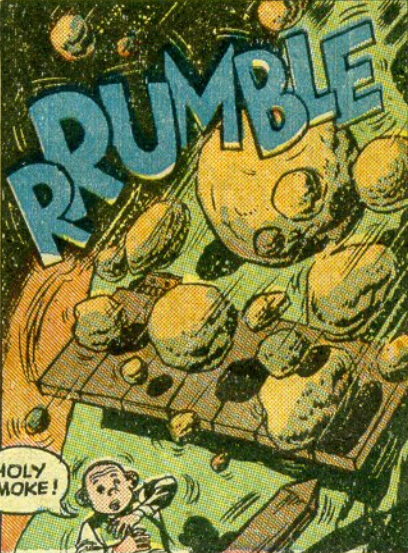
I THINK THEY'RE ALL GONE—EXCEPT FOR THE GUARDS! I'LL TRY TO SNEAK BACK IN AND SEE WHAT MORE DOPE I CAN DIG UP ABOUT 'EM! NO POINT IN DRAGGIN' THE WISE GUYS IN ON THIS IF I CAN SWING IT ALONE! MAYBE I CAN FIND A LIST OF MEMBERS, OR WHERE THEY HIDE THEIR GUNS AN' STUFF!



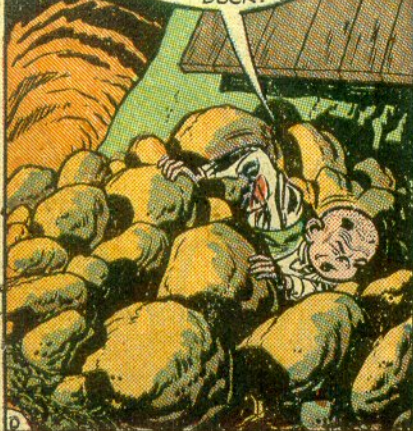
VINNY WARNED ME ABOUT THESE BOOBY TRAPS! IF I CAN JUST REMEMBER EXACTLY WHERE THEY WERE...OH, OH, I NEARLY FELL INTO THAT PIT!



JUST ONE MORE BEND AND...OUCH—I WONDER WHAT THIS POST IS HOLDIN' UP?



AM I A SAP OR AM I A SAP! THAT'S WHAT I GET FOR NOT USIN' MY HEAD! IF I DON'T GET OUT OF THIS ROCK TRAP BEFORE THEIR GUARDS FIND ME, I'M A DEAD DUCK!



WOW! THESE BOYS PLAY ROUGH! I COULD'VE BEEN KILLED! UGH, MY BACK! THE WISE GUYS MUST BE WORRIED ABOUT ME BY THIS TIME! UGH...I CAN'T QUIT! I'VE GOTTA KEEP MOVIN'!



HEY, FELLERS—HEAR THAT? SOMEBODY'S CALLIN' FOR US! IT SOUNDS LIKE CURLY! C'MON!







IT'S CURLY! HE'S IN A BAD WAY!

HIYA, CURLY! HEY, WHAT ARE YA SLEEPIN' ON THE GRASS FOR? WE WERE WAITIN' FOR YA!



SCARECROW, IF YOU WERE ANY DUMBER, THEY'D HAVE TO PUT YOU IN A STRAIGHT JACKET! CAN'T YOU SEE—THE POOR GUY IS HALF DEAD! GO ON—MAKE YOURSELF USEFUL! GET THE FIRST AID KIT!

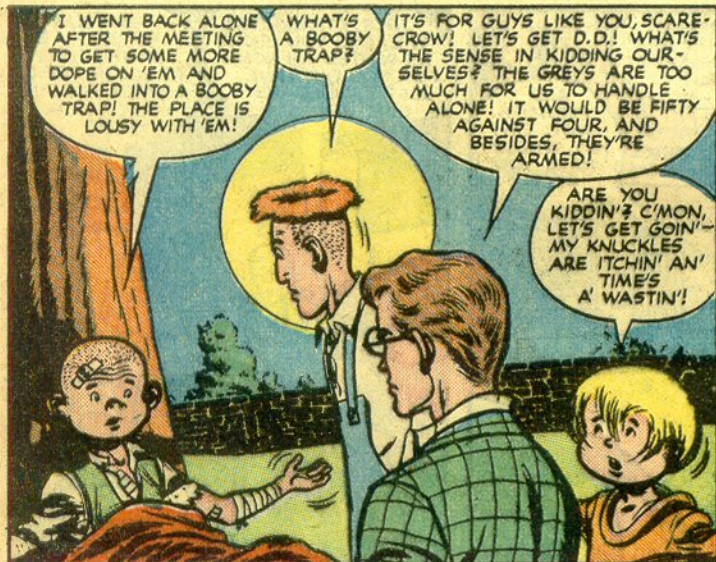
OH...!



WE OUGHT TO GET DAREDEVIL! MAYBE WE BIT OFF MORE THAN WE CAN CHEW! C'MON, CURLY CAN YOU WALK? WE'LL TAKE YOU TO A HOSPITAL!

HOW MANY O'EM GANGED UP ON YA? LET'S GO BACK THERE, RIGHT NOW AN' GIVE 'EM THE WORKS!

OH...! I'LL BE ALL RIGHT! THEY'RE A BAD CROWD! THEY GOT GUNS AN' SWORDS!



I WENT BACK ALONE AFTER THE MEETING TO GET SOME MORE DOPE ON 'EM AND WALKED INTO A BOOBY TRAP! THE PLACE IS LOUSY WITH 'EM!

WHAT'S A BOOBY TRAP?

IT'S FOR GUYS LIKE YOU, SCARECROW! LET'S GET D.D.! WHAT'S THE SENSE IN KIDDING OURSELVES? THE GREYS ARE TOO MUCH FOR US TO HANDLE ALONE! IT WOULD BE FIFTY AGAINST FOUR, AND BESIDES, THEY'RE ARMED!

ARE YOU KIDDIN'? C'MON, LET'S GET GOIN'—MY KNUCKLES ARE ITCHIN' AN' TIME'S A WASTIN'!



PEE WEE IS RIGHT—IT'S JUST A GANG OF GUYS OUR OWN AGE! IT'S A CHALLENGE TO US! IT AIN'T LIKE US TO YELL FOR HELP THE FIRST TIME WE FACE A LITTLE SET-BACK!

NOBLY PUT, BUT NO GO—IF WE WERE EVENLY MATCHED, THAT WOULD BE TRUE, BUT TWELVE TO ONE—HECK, NOBODY IS THAT GOOD!



WELL, THEN HOW ABOUT THIS? SUPPOSE WE COULD ENLIST SOME OTHER GUYS WHO THINK THE SAME WAY WE DO? THERE MUST BE PLENTY OF FELLOWS THAT ARE SQUARE SHOOTERS AND DEAD AGAINST THE THINGS THESE GREYS STAND FOR! IF WE COULD FIGHT IT OUT MAN FOR MAN, WE COULD LICK THOSE YELLOW COWARDS!



THAT'S A SWELL IDEA—THE SQUARE SHOOTERS AGAINST THE GREYS—ONLY HOW DO WE GO ABOUT LINING UP FELLOWS TO JOIN OUR SIDE?

YEAH—HOW?

HEY—REMEMBER? WE STILL HAVE THAT MIMEOGRAPH MACHINE IN THE HAYLOFT OF THE BARN! LET'S MAKE LIKE THE ARMY'S FLYIN' LEAFLETS!

THAT'S WHERE YOU GOT ME!



DO YOU BELIEVE IN GOOD SPORTSMANSHIP AND FAIR PLAY? —ENOUGH TO FIGHT FOR IT? IF YOU DO, JOIN THE "SQUARE SHOOTERS" First Meeting Today. FRIDAY 4 P.M.

C'MON, LET'S PASS 'EM OUT, NOW! BUT ONLY TO RIGHT GUYS!

Do You Believe In Good Sportsmanship and Fair Play? —Enough to Fight for it? If you do, join the "Square Shooters" First Meeting Today. Friday 4 P.M.





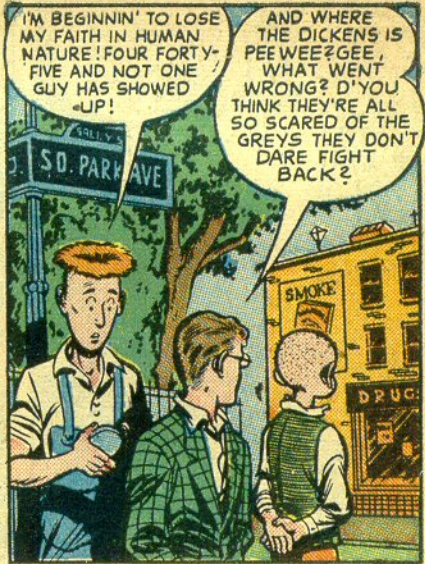
AW, PEEWEE! I HATE TO TELL YOU-BUT YOU LEFT OUT THE MOST IMPORTANT THING... THE MEETING PLACE! IT WAS GONNA SAY, "MEET AT SOUTH PARK CORNER!"

THAT'S RIGHT! OH, DARN IT!



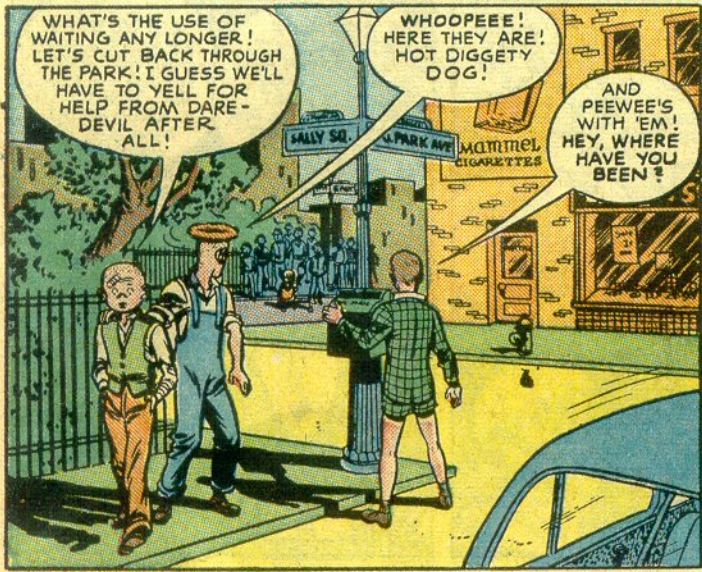
I GUESS WE'LL JUST HAVE TO RUN THEM OFF AGAIN! AND HOW WILL WE KNOW WHO THE RIGHT GUYS ARE? SUPPOSE THE GREYS GET WIND OF IT!

LET'S ONLY PASS THEM OUT AT THE CHURCH YOUTH CENTER AND AT Y'S! THOSE RATS WOULDN'T BE BELONGING TO GOOD PLACES LIKE THAT! HEY, I JUST GOT ANOTHER IDEA! WE CAN WRITE IN WHERE TO MEET BY HAND!



I'M BEGINNIN' TO LOSE MY FAITH IN HUMAN NATURE! FOUR FORTY-FIVE AND NOT ONE GUY HAS SHOWED UP!

AND WHERE THE DICKENS IS PEEWEE? GEE, WHAT WENT WRONG? D'YOU THINK THEY'RE ALL SO SCARED OF THE GREYS THEY DON'T DARE FIGHT BACK?



WHAT'S THE USE OF WAITING ANY LONGER! LET'S CUT BACK THROUGH THE PARK! I GUESS WE'LL HAVE TO YELL FOR HELP FROM DARE-DEVIL AFTER ALL!

WHOOPEE! HERE THEY ARE! HOT DIGGETY DOG!

AND PEEWEE'S WITH 'EM! HEY, WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?



JOCK! SCARECROW! WHERE'VE YOU BEEN? WE WAITED AN HOUR FOR YOU GUYS! WE JUST DECIDED TO GIVE UP!

WAITED? WHERE? WE WAITED HERE AT SOUTH PARK CORNER FOR AN HOUR AND A HALF!



SOUTH PARK CORNER? THESE NOTICES SAY EAST PARK CORNER!

PEEWEE!

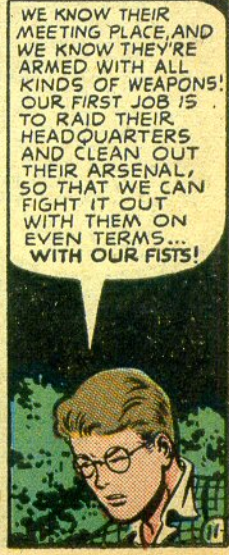
GEE, JOCK, DID I GET IT WRONG? HECK, I'M SORRY, HONEST!



THE IMPORTANT THING IS THAT WE'RE HERE! FIRST, LET ME WARN YOU THAT WE'RE UP AGAINST A TOUGH CROWD! WE'RE ORGANIZING THE SQUARE SHOOTERS TO FIGHT AND BUST UP THE GREYS! IF ANYONE IS HALF HEARTED ABOUT IT, PLEASE BACK OUT NOW!

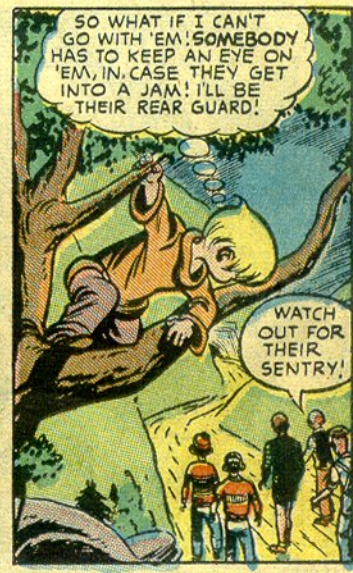
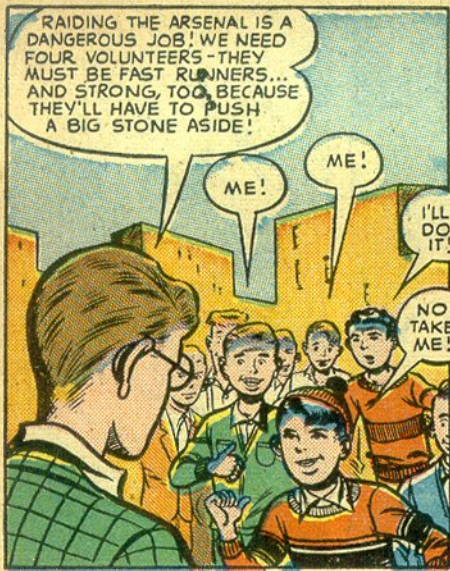
IT'S ABOUT TIME SOMEONE STOOD UP AGAINST THAT GANG! I'M STICKING!

COUNT ME IN, TOO!

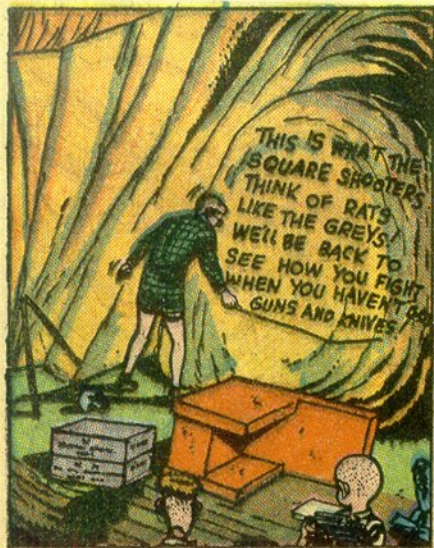


WE KNOW THEIR MEETING PLACE, AND WE KNOW THEY'RE ARMED WITH ALL KINDS OF WEAPONS! OUR FIRST JOB IS TO RAID THEIR HEADQUARTERS AND CLEAN OUT THEIR ARSENAL, SO THAT WE CAN FIGHT IT OUT WITH THEM ON EVEN TERMS... WITH OUR FISTS!

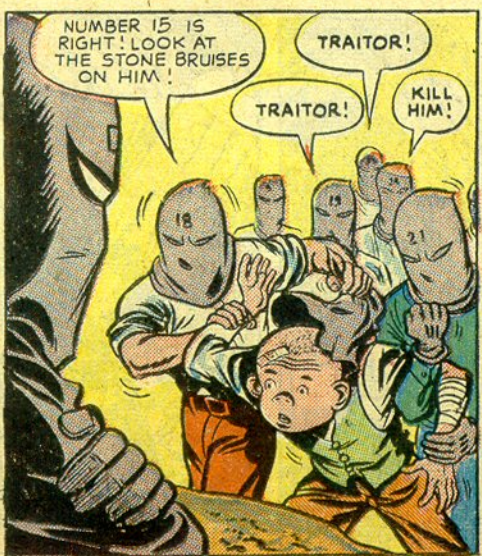
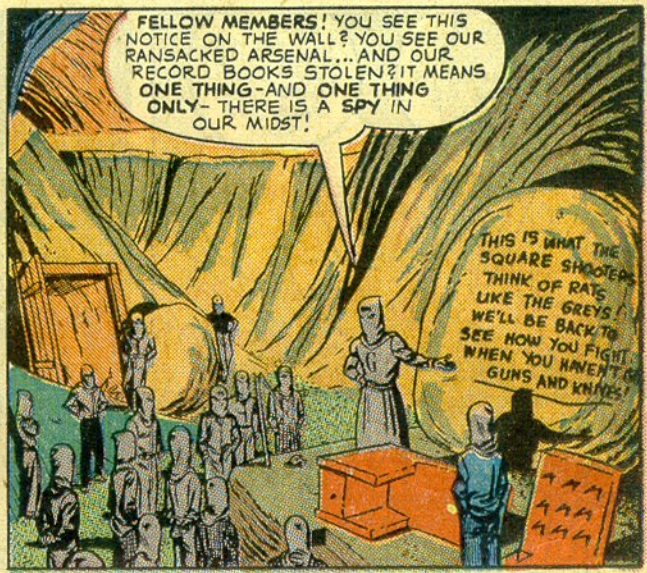
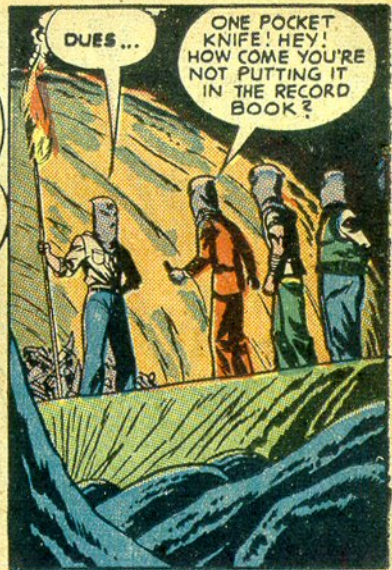
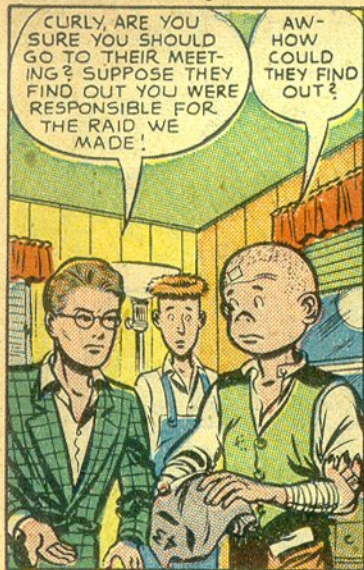




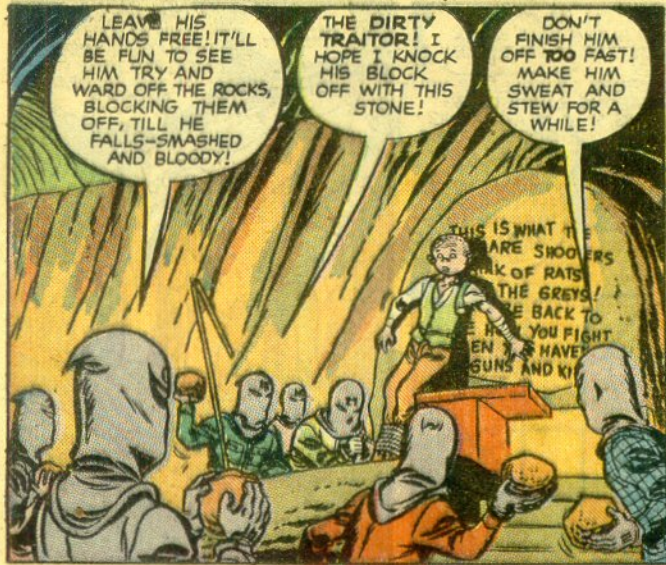












LEAVE HIS HANDS FREE! IT'LL BE FUN TO SEE HIM TRY AND WARD OFF THE ROCKS, BLOCKING THEM OFF, TILL HE FALLS—SMASHED AND BLOODY!

THE DIRTY TRAITOR! I HOPE I KNOCK HIS BLOCK OFF WITH THIS STONE!

DON'T FINISH HIM OFF TOO FAST! MAKE HIM SWEAT AND STEW FOR A WHILE!

THIS IS WHAT THE GREYS ARE SHOOTERS AT! A BUNCH OF RATS! THE GREYS! YOU GOT TO GET BACK TO THE GREYS! YOU GOT TO FIGHT 'EM! YOU GOT TO HAVE GUNS AND KNIVES!



GEE, WE NEVER STONED A GUY TO DEATH BEFORE! MATTIE DIED OF STAB WOUNDS, BUT THAT WAS AN ACCIDENT! THIS IS MURDER!

SURE—IT'S MURDER—AN' HE DESERVES IT! QUIT BEIN' A LILLY-LIVERED RAT, OR I'LL TELL THE LEADER ON YA!



EVERYONE IS HERE—IT'S JUST EIGHT FIFTEEN! FIFTEEN MINUTES MORE, AND WE CRASH IN ON THOSE GREY RATS!

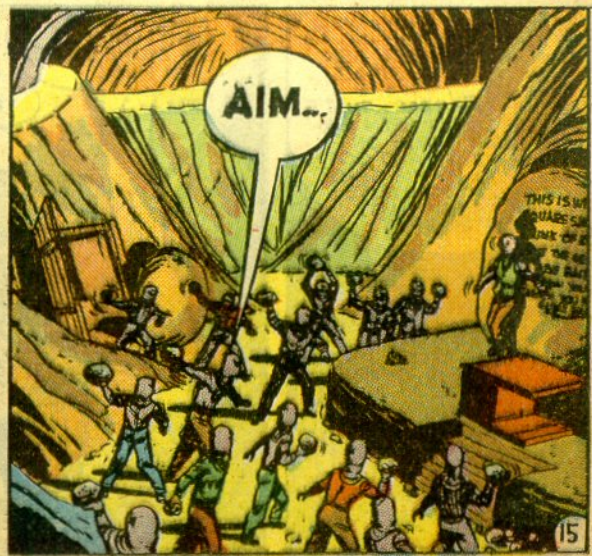
GEE! I WONDER HOW CURLY IS! I CAN'T HELP WORRYING ABOUT THE GUY!



HE MUST BE ALL RIGHT! IF HE WASN'T, HE'D MANAGE TO GIVE US A SIGNAL!



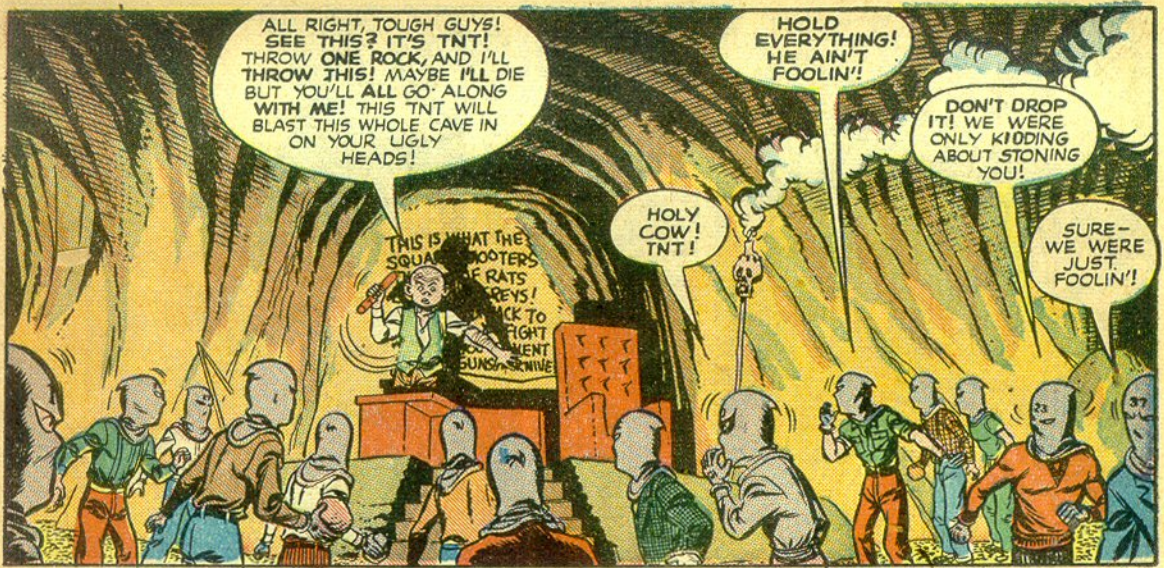
I'LL GIVE THE SIGNAL TO BEGIN STONING THE TREACHEROUS COWARD—READY...



AIM...

THIS IS WHAT THE GREYS ARE SHOOTERS AT! A BUNCH OF RATS! THE GREYS! YOU GOT TO GET BACK TO THE GREYS! YOU GOT TO FIGHT 'EM! YOU GOT TO HAVE GUNS AND KNIVES!





ALL RIGHT, TOUGH GUYS! SEE THIS? IT'S TNT! THROW ONE ROCK, AND I'LL THROW THIS! MAYBE I'LL DIE BUT YOU'LL ALL GO' ALONG WITH ME! THIS TNT WILL BLAST THIS WHOLE CAVE IN ON YOUR UGLY HEADS!

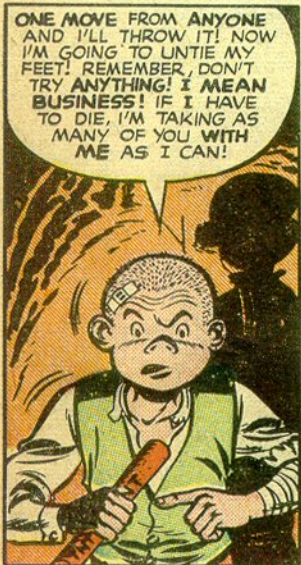
HOLD EVERYTHING! HE AIN'T FOOLIN'!

DON'T DROP IT! WE WERE ONLY KIDDING ABOUT STONING YOU!

SURE— WE WERE JUST FOOLIN'!

HOLY COW! TNT!

THIS IS WHAT THE SQUARE SHOOTERS OF RATS AREY! BACK TO FIGHT THE ELEMENT BACK FLIGHT!



ONE MOVE FROM ANYONE AND I'LL THROW IT! NOW I'M GOING TO UNTIE MY FEET! REMEMBER, DON'T TRY ANYTHING! I MEAN BUSINESS! IF I HAVE TO DIE, I'M TAKING AS MANY OF YOU WITH ME AS I CAN!



WHAT CAN WE DO? I DON'T WANT TO DIE!

THE WEASEL! HE TRICKED US!

STAY BACK NOW!

ME NEITHER!

G...GULP!



SO LONG— AN I'M NOT SORRY TO DISAPPOINT YOU— YOU BUTCHERS!



AFTER HIM! CATCH THE SKUNK!

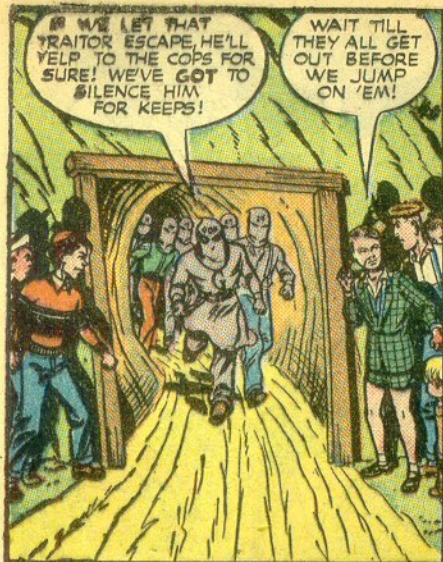
BOY, WHEN WE GET OUR HANDS ON HIM, HE'LL BE SORRY HE WASN'T STONED TO DEATH!



CURLY! WHERE'S THE TNT YOU HAD?

I HID IT ON THE WAY OUT! THEY ALMOST KILLED ME! NO TIME TO EXPLAIN! GET READY FOR A BATTLE! THE WHOLE GANG WILL BE SWARMING OUT HERE LIKE HORNETS IN LESS THAN A MINUTE!





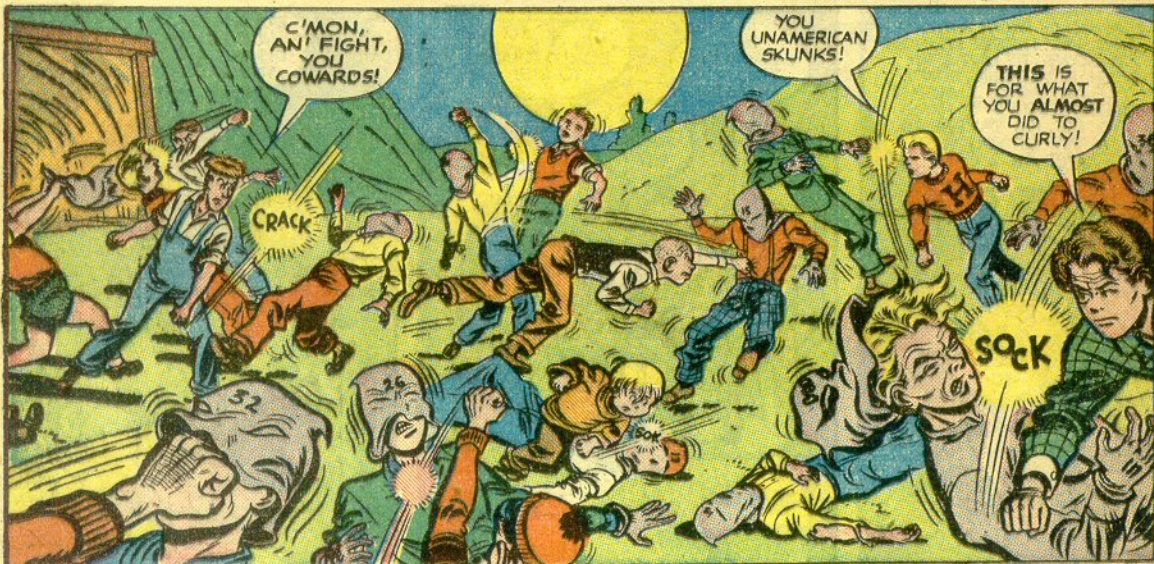
IF WE LET THAT TRAITOR ESCAPE, HE'LL YELP TO THE COPS FOR SURE! WE'VE GOT TO SILENCE HIM FOR KEEPS!

WAIT TILL THEY ALL GET OUT BEFORE WE JUMP ON 'EM!



**YIPPEE!**  
MOP 'EM UP, FELLERS!

KEEP HAMMERING, BOYS! DON'T GIVE 'EM A BREAK!



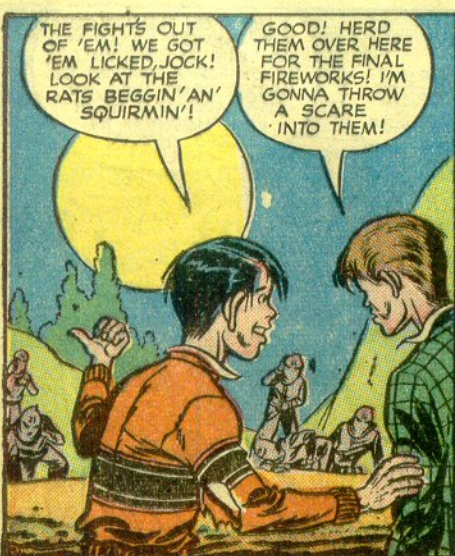
C'MON, AN' FIGHT, YOU COWARDS!

YOU UNAMERICAN SKUNKS!

THIS IS FOR WHAT YOU ALMOST DID TO CURLY!

CRACK

SOCK



THE FIGHT'S OUT OF 'EM! WE GOT 'EM LICKED, JOCK! LOOK AT THE RATS BEGIN' AN' SQUIRMIN'!

GOOD! HERD THEM OVER HERE FOR THE FINAL FIREWORKS! I'M GONNA THROW A SCARE INTO THEM!



NOW THAT WE'VE TRAPPED YOU COWARDLY RATS, WE'RE GOING TO DO A THOROUGH JOB OF EXTERMINATION! SCARECROW - HAND ME A STICK OF TNT!



**HELP!**  
NO! IT'S MURDER - YOU CAN'T BLOW US UP!!

PLEASE! NO! NO!

YOU'D HAVE STONED CURLY, BUT WHEN YOUR HIDES ARE AT STAKE, THAT'S DIFFERENT! OKAY, WISE GUYS - STAND BACK! THEY'VE SQUIRMED ENOUGH! I'M GONNA GIVE IT TO 'EM!





SEND US TO JAIL!! DO ANYTHING, BUT...



HERE IT COMES!!

NO!

P.PLEASE!

HAVE MERCY!



THAT WIPES OUT THEIR HEAD-QUARTERS FOR GOOD!



HEAR THAT? SIRENS - THE POLICE ARE COMING!

I FIGURED THAT BLAST WOULD BRING THEM!



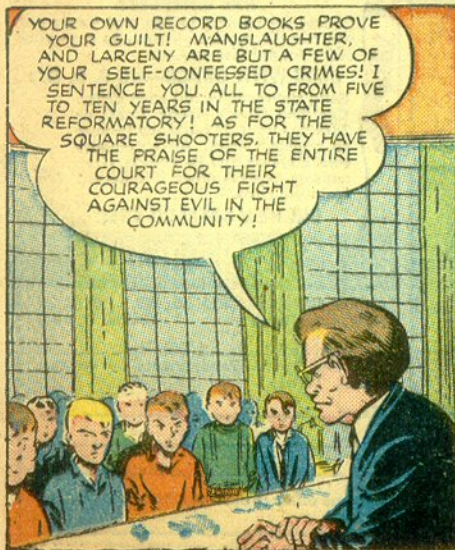
HERD 'EM OUT TO THE HIGHWAY, FRED! I RADIOED HEADQUARTERS TO SEND THE WAGON OUT! IT SHOULD BE HERE BY NOW!

SO THIS IS WHERE YOU HUNG OUT! WHERE'S ALL YOUR FIGHT, BOYS? I THOUGHT YOU GREYS WERE SUPPOSED TO BE TOUGH!

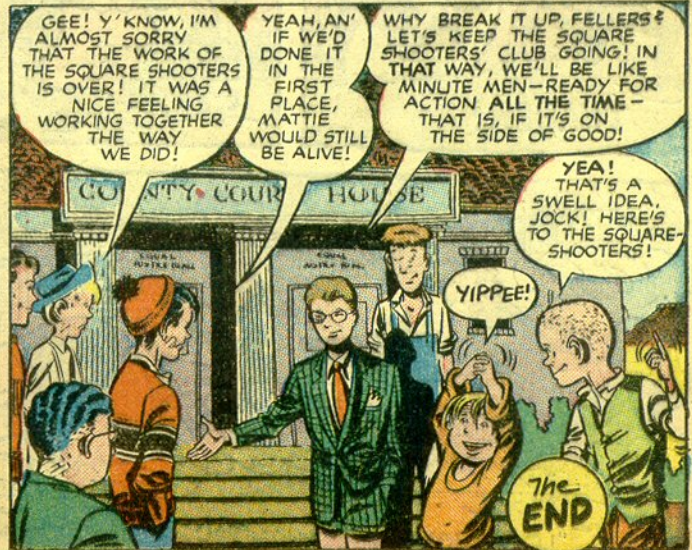


BROTHER, ARE YOU WISE GUYS A MESS! LOOK AT THAT SHINER!

WE LOOK PRETTY BAD, D.D., BUT YOU SHOULD'VE SEEN THE GREYS! THEY WERE REALLY A SIGHT!



YOUR OWN RECORD BOOKS PROVE YOUR GUILT! MANSLAUGHTER, AND LARCENY ARE BUT A FEW OF YOUR SELF-CONFESSED CRIMES! I SENTENCE YOU ALL TO FROM FIVE TO TEN YEARS IN THE STATE REFORMATORY! AS FOR THE SQUARE SHOOTERS, THEY HAVE THE PRAISE OF THE ENTIRE COURT FOR THEIR COURAGEOUS FIGHT AGAINST EVIL IN THE COMMUNITY!



GEE! Y' KNOW, I'M ALMOST SORRY THAT THE WORK OF THE SQUARE SHOOTERS IS OVER! IT WAS A NICE FEELING WORKING TOGETHER THE WAY WE DID!

YEAH, AN' IF WE'D DONE IT IN THE FIRST PLACE, MATTIE WOULD STILL BE ALIVE!

WHY BREAK IT UP, FELLERS? LET'S KEEP THE SQUARE SHOOTERS' CLUB GOING! IN THAT WAY, WE'LL BE LIKE MINUTE MEN - READY FOR ACTION ALL THE TIME - THAT IS, IF IT'S ON THE SIDE OF GOOD!

YEA! THAT'S A SWELL IDEA, JOCK! HERE'S TO THE SQUARE-SHOOTERS!

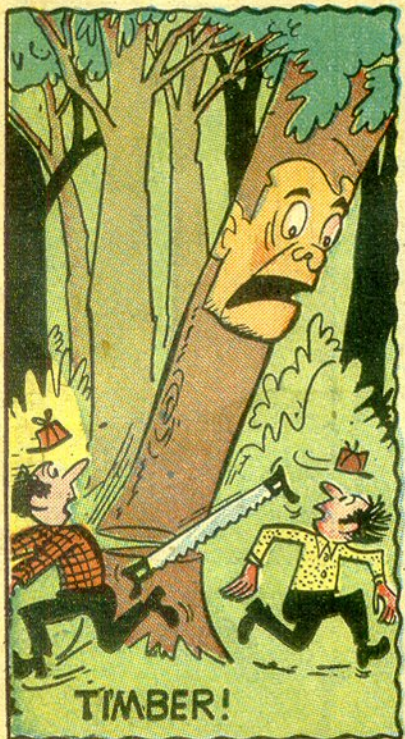
YIPPEE!

THE END

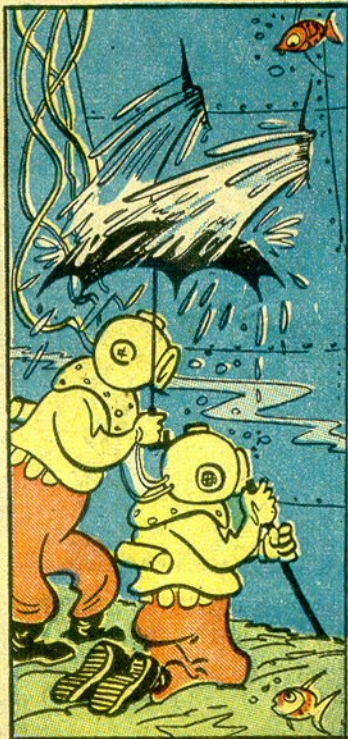




"SORRY, YOU'LL HAVE TO WAIT-MR. BORDINI IS BUSY ON ANOTHER WIRE!"



TIMBER!



"LOOK, JONESY-NO HANDS!"

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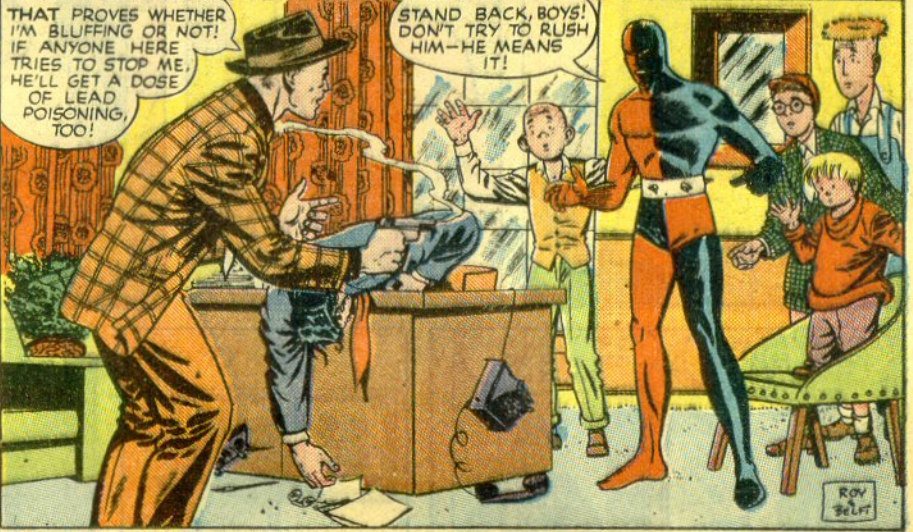


# DAREDEVIL

## and the LITTLE WISE GUYS

ONE WHO LIVES IN OR NEAR A BIG CITY IS FAMILIAR WITH THE SCREAMING SHRILL OF POLICE SIRENS! HE HEARS IT MANY TIMES A DAY! IT BECOMES ALMOST COMMON-PLACE! IF WE WENT ALONG WITH EACH PATROL CAR TO THE SCENE OF THE TROUBLE, WE COULD GET ALL THE FACTS, BUT NOT MUCH UN-LIKE THE NEXT MORNING'S NEWSPAPER ACCOUNT! SURE, WE WOULD HAVE ALL THE FACTS; THE HOUR, THE NAMES AND ADDRESSES OF THE PERSONS INVOLVED—PERHAPS EVEN AN OLD PHOTO OF THE VICTIM, BUT THE HEARTACHE, THE TERRIFYING FEAR, AND UNBEARABLE ANGUISH OF THE PARTIES CONCERNED WOULD NEVER BE KNOWN—BUT IT CAN BE IMAGINED—THAT'S WHERE THIS DAREDEVIL STORY COMES IN WITH A CROSS-SECTION OF A TYPICAL SIREN IN THE NIGHT!

*Charles Biro*







FIRST, TELL ME, ARE YOU ARMED? THE MAN THAT'S AFTER ME IS INSANE! HE HAS A PERSECUTION COMPLEX! HE'LL SHOOT ME ON SIGHT! I NEED PROTECTION! YOU'RE GOING TO HELP ME, AREN'T YOU?

YOU SHOULD HAVE CALLED THE POLICE, BECAUSE I NEVER CARRY A GUN, MR. HUNT! SO FAR, I'VE MANAGED VERY WELL WITHOUT ONE! NOW, HOW'S ABOUT STARTING FROM THE BEGINNING!



WHAT'S THE CAUSE OF HIS GRIEVANCE? I'D LIKE TO KNOW WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT BEFORE I COMMIT MYSELF!

IF IT'S A QUESTION OF THE FEE, MONEY IN NO OBJECT! HIS CLAIMS AGAINST ME ARE WITHOUT FOUNDATION— BUT YOU MUST CARRY A GUN! THE MAN IS A DANGEROUS CRIMINAL!



I DON'T KNOW HOW HE GOT THE FANTASTIC NOTION, BUT HE THINKS THAT I... WHAT'S ALL THE C...COMMOTION OUTSIDE?

I SAID I HAVE BUSINESS THAT CAN'T WAIT! GET OUT OF MY WAY, LADY, OR YOU'LL GET HURT!



THERE HE IS— THAT'S HIM! DO SOMETHING, DAREDEVIL— QUICK!!

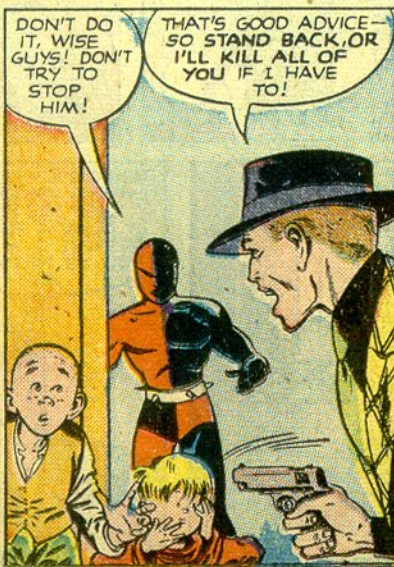
NO ONE CAN SAVE YOU NOW, YOU SNAKE!



DON'T TRY TO REACH FOR YOUR BOOMERANG, DAREDEVIL—NOT UNLESS YOU WANT THE REST OF THE BULLETS!



HE JUST SHOT SOMEONE IN THERE! LET'S SNEAK UP ON HIM FROM BEHIND!



DON'T DO IT, WISE GUYS! DON'T TRY TO STOP HIM!

THAT'S GOOD ADVICE— SO STAND BACK, OR I'LL KILL ALL OF YOU IF I HAVE TO!



BUT HE'S A KILLER, DAREDEVIL! WHY ARE YOU LETTIN' HIM GET AWAY?

HE WINS THIS ROUND! WE DON'T WANT TO BE DEAD HEROES, DO WE?



HELLO, CHIEF STARTER?  
A MAN JUST SHOT MR.  
HUNT—HE'S WEARING A  
PLAID COAT AND BLACK  
FEDORA! HE'S IN THE  
ELEVATOR NOW, COMING  
FROM THE 34TH FLOOR!  
LOCK THE DOORS—DON'T  
LET ANYONE OUT OF THE  
BUILDING—BUT WATCH  
OUT—HE'S ARMED  
AND DESPERATE!



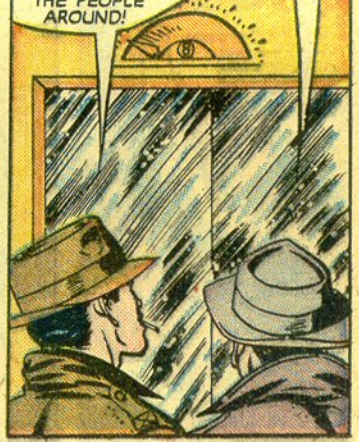
LOCK THE LOBBY DOORS—  
RUDY—MARCUS—GET  
YOUR ARTILLERY OUT—YOU'VE  
GOT A TOUGH ONE TO  
HANDLE! HE'S COMING DOWN  
FROM THE 34TH FLOOR,  
WEARING A PLAID COAT!



JUST KEEP EVERY-  
ONE OUT OF THE  
LOBBY; SO WE CAN  
TAKE A CLEAR SHOT  
AT HIM IF WE  
HAVE TO!

HE MUST BE ON  
NUMBER EIGHT! IF  
THIS HAPPENED AT  
NOON-TIME, WE  
WOULDN'T STAND A  
CHANCE OF SPOTTING  
HIM WITH ALL  
THE PEOPLE  
AROUND!

THE  
CAR'S  
ALMOST HERE!  
GET READY!



THAT'S OUR MAN! IF HE  
SMELLS A RAT, THERE'LL BE  
FIREWORKS! LET'S TRY TO  
NAIL HIM BEFORE HE  
TRIES THE DOOR!

ALL RIGHT—  
LET'S CLOSE  
IN!



I'M LOCKED  
IN! OPEN  
THESE  
DOORS,  
OR I'LL..

YOU'RE  
TRAPPED!  
DROP THAT  
GUN AND  
UP WITH  
'EM!



CALL AN  
AMBULANCE—  
HE'S STILL  
ALIVE!

AND YOU'D BETTER MAKE  
IT FAST—HE WON'T LIVE  
LONG WITH THREE  
BULLETS IN HIS  
CHEST!



I HOPE NO  
ONE ELSE GOT  
HURT—LOOK  
AT HIS HAIR—  
IT LOOKS LIKE  
A PRISON  
CUT!

AN EX-CON, EH?  
I NEVER SAW  
HIM BEFORE! HE  
LOOKS LIKE A  
MEAN ONE  
TO ME!



MAY I RIDE  
TO THE  
HOSPITAL WITH  
HIM? I'D LIKE  
TO GET HIS  
STORY IF I  
CAN!

SURE—IF HE  
LIVES THAT LONG,  
AND IF HE EVER  
REGAINS  
CONSCIOUSNESS!  
HOP ON!







HIS NAME IS JOE WELSH! LET'S SEE WHAT HE'S GOT ON HIM—A PAROLE CARD—HERE'S A PICTURE OF A WOMAN AND CHILD! MAYBE IT'S HIS FAMILY!



WHAT ARE HIS CHANCES, DOCTOR? WILL HE REGAIN CONSCIOUSNESS? IF HE DIES WITHOUT TALKING, WE'LL NEVER KNOW WHY HE SHOT HUNT!

HE'S IN PRETTY ROUGH SHAPE, YOU KNOW! IF HE LIVES LONG ENOUGH, I THINK I CAN BRING HIM TO WITH THIS NEW DRUG! IT'S A VERY POWERFUL STIMULANT, BUT IT WILL TAKE AT LEAST AN HOUR!



GOOD—I'LL HAVE A CHANCE TO CHECK ON HIS POLICE RECORD, IF HE HAS ANY! IF HE COMES TO, ASK HIM WHY HE DID IT! I'LL SEE YOU IN AN HOUR!

SEE YOU THEN—KEEP YOUR FINGERS CROSSED!



HE BECAME CONSCIOUS SHORTLY AFTER YOU LEFT, DAREDEVIL! THE POLICE WERE HERE WITH EVERYTHING IN THE BOOK, BUT ALL HE SAYS IS THAT HUNT HAD IT COMING TO HIM! HE SAYS HE'S GLAD HE DID IT!



HELLO, THERE, JOE! I'M GLAD TO SEE YOU'RE COMING AROUND! NOW, HOW'S ABOUT TELLIN' ME THE WHOLE STORY? I FOUND YOUR POLICE RECORD, SO DON'T HOLD OUT ON ME! I KNOW ALL ABOUT YOUR PAST, BUT NOW I WANT TO BE BROUGHT UP TO DATE!

OH, IT'S YOU AGAIN! WHY DON'T YOU GO TO THE MASQUERADE AND LEAVE ME ALONE! WHY I KILLED HUNT IS MY BUSINESS!



I'M NOT SO SURE, WISE GUY! WHAT ABOUT THE WOMAN IN THIS PICTURE? SHE'S YOUR WIFE, ISN'T SHE? IF YOU CAN PROVE YOU HAD EVEN AN OUNCE OF REASON FOR COLD-BLOODEDLY MURDERING JOHN HUNT, IT MIGHT HELP HER TO BEAR THE DISGRACE YOU'VE BROUGHT ON HER AND YOUR KID!

NOTHING CAN HURT MY WIFE—NOTHING!



SHE'S BEYOND SUFFERING—SHE IS DEAD!

THAT'S TOUGH, JOE, BUT WHAT ABOUT THIS LITTLE GIRL? SHE'S YOUR DAUGHTER, ISN'T SHE—LOOKS JUST LIKE YOU! YOU OWE HER SOMETHING, DON'T YOU?



I KNOW IT'S HARD TO TAKE, BUT LET'S FACE IT! SHE'LL HAVE TO BEAR THE STIGMA OF BEING THE DAUGHTER OF A MURDERER! IF THERE IS ANY EXPLANATION FOR WHAT YOU DID, YOU'D BE COMMITTING ANOTHER CRIME BY NOT GIVING HER A BREAK!

POOR LITTLE NANCY—OH, THAT POOR KID! YOU'RE RIGHT—I'VE GOT TO LET HER KNOW HER DAD WASN'T REALLY BAD! SHE MUST KNOW THE TRUTH!



BUT THE WHOLE THING IS SO FANTASTIC, I DOUBT IF ANYBODY WOULD BELIEVE IT! I'LL TELL YOU, IF YOU PASS IT ALONG TO HER, AND NOT BECAUSE I WANT SYMPATHY FOR MYSELF! I WAS BITTEN BY A SNAKE—NOT ONCE, BUT TWICE—BY A SNAKE WITH TWO LEGS, SO I KILLED HIM! HUNT WAS THE SNAKE! MY WIFE AND I WERE EMPLOYED BY HIM AS A HOUSEKEEPER AND BUTLER! WE HAD WORKED AT HIS ESTATE FOR ABOUT A YEAR, BEFORE IT ALL STARTED!





IT'S ABOUT MY WIFE, STELLA, MR. HUNT! I HATE TO BOTHER YOU, BUT WE HAVE A VERY IMPORTANT FAVOR TO ASK OF YOU! WILL YOU GIVE US A \$500 ADVANCE ON OUR SALARY?

A \$500 ADVANCE! WELSH, ARE YOU CRAZY? WHAT FOR? NEVER MIND, I'M NOT INTERESTED IN WHAT FOR! THE ANSWER IS NO!



STELLA NEEDS AN OPERATION, MR. HUNT! SHE HAS TO HAVE IT RIGHT AWAY! THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN DO IT IS A SPECIALIST, BUT HE'S EXPENSIVE! HER LIFE IS AT STAKE—DON'T YOU SEE, I MUST HAVE THE MONEY! WHAT DIFFERENCE COULD IT MAKE TO YOU? JUST TAKE IT OUT OF OUR SALARY EACH MONTH!

SORRY, WELSH, IT'S AGAINST MY PRINCIPLES TO LEND MONEY! YOU SHOULD HAVE THAT MUCH SAVED BY THIS TIME!



YOU KNOW THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE ON TWENTY DOLLARS A WEEK! ALL RIGHT, THEN, WILL YOU SIGN AS MY CO-MAKER, IF I GO TO A BANK?

DON'T BE STUPID! OF COURSE NOT—OH, BY THE WAY, I'M GIVING A SMALL PARTY TONIGHT! HUSTLE UP SOME HORS D'OEUVRES AND CHECK THE LIQUOR!



HOW DID YOU MAKE OUT—WHAT DID HE SAY, JOE?

I'LL TELL YOU IN A MINUTE! NANCY HONEY, PLEASE DO DADDY A FAVOR AND GO INTO THE OTHER ROOM TO PLAY LIKE A GOOD LITTLE GIRL—JUST FOR A WHILE!

I WILL, DADDY!



IT'S ALL SET, HONEY-BUN! YOU CAN PLAN ON GOING TO THE HOSPITAL NEXT WEEK! I DIDN'T THINK THE OLD SKINFINT COULD BE TOUCHED FOR A CUP OF COFFEE—HE SURE SURPRISED ME!

I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! IN FACT, I WON'T—NOT UNTIL I SEE IT! WHATEVER CAME OVER HIM? YOU MUST HAVE CAUGHT HIM IN A RARE MOOD!



THAT REMINDS ME! HE'S HAVING A PARTY TONIGHT, SO I'LL HAVE TO WORK LATE! YOU HIT THE HAY EARLY LIKE A GOOD GIRL!

I'LL MAKE THE HORS D'OEUVRES! I LOVE YOU SO! OH, JOE, YOU'RE THE BEST HUSBAND IN THE WORLD! YOU'VE BEEN DOING SO MUCH OF MY WORK FOR ME SINCE I'VE BEEN SICK—I'LL MAKE IT UP TO YOU!



KISS DADDY GOODNIGHT, SWEETPEA! YOU SURE LOVE PLAYING WITH THAT OLD RAG DOLL, DON'T YOU? WOULDN'T YOU LIKE A PRETTY, NEW ONE?

OH, NO, DADDY, MILLICENT IS A WONDERFUL DOLL! I LOVE MILLICENT—GOODNIGHT, DADDY!



WELSH, ICE UP SOME MORE CHAMPAGNE—AND HURRY!

YES, MR. HUNT!



JOHNNY, BOY, YOU'RE A SIMPLY MARVELOUS HOST! I LOVE YOUR PARTIES! TIME JUST FLIES WHEN I'M HERE!

SHAY, I'D THROW ONE EVERY NIGHT IF I WAS SURE YOU'D COME!



HUNT LIKED TO THROW LATE PARTIES! HIS SO-CALLED SOCIAL CIRCLE WAS A BUNCH OF HALF-BAKED DIPSO-MANIACS!

FOUR-THIRTY-BY JOVE-NOW WE JUST MUST GO, JOHN! WE HAD A WONDERFUL TIME, AN' YOU WERE A DELIGHTFUL HOST!

G' NIGHT, JOHN, OU' TOP! SEE YOU AT THE CLUB!

NIGHTY NIGHT-A SIMPLY DARLING PARTY, AND AGAIN, MUCH THANKS!



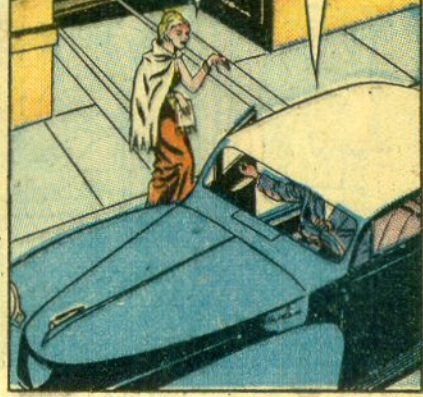
JOHN, HONEY BUN-YOU'LL JUST HAVE TO DRIVE ME HOME! I GAVE MY CHAUFFEUR THE NIGHT OFF AND IT'S MUCH TOO LATE TO CALL A CAB NOW! YOUR PARTY WAS SO DIVINE-I DIDN'T REALIZE THE HOUR! IT'S AFTER SEVEN!

GLAD TO OBLIGE, DOTTY! TH' AIR WILL DO ME GOOD!



GOODNIGHT-I MEAN, GOOD MORNING, JOHN, AND THANK YOU FOR BRINGING ME HOME! BE CAREFUL DRIVING BACK! YOU LOOK A LITTLE ERR...TIRED! TOODLE-OO-

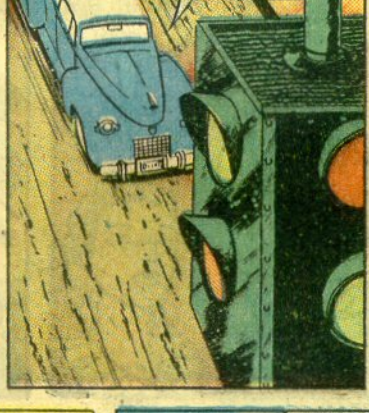
HIC I'LL FEEL FINE AFTER I GET SOME SHUT EYE! DON'T FORGET NEXT FRIDAY NIGHT-HIC-HIC



OH...WHAT A HANGOVER CHAMPAGNE CAN GIVE A MAN! MY HEAD'S SPLITTING-YE GADS, IT'S ALMOST EIGHT!



RED LIGHT? NO POLICE AROUND-ANYWAY, WHAT'S A FIVE DOLLAR FINE TO ME! THE DEVIL WITH THE LIGHTS!



HEY-LOOK OUT!!

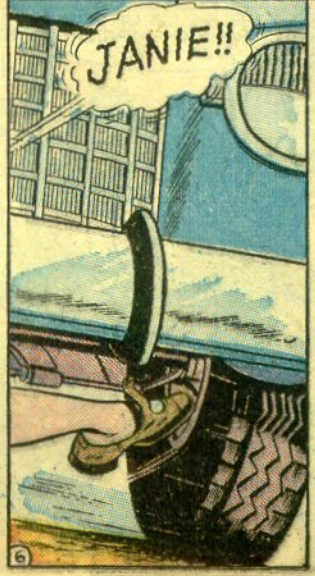


A MOTHER WAS WALKING HER DAUGHTER TO SCHOOL... THE CHILD LOVED ANIMALS...



JANIE, COME BACK!

HERE, KITTY, KITTY-PSS..PSS..



JANIE!!

I HIT HER! I COULDN'T STOP-WHAT'LL I DO? I CAN'T STOP NOW! THE POLICE WILL COME-THEY'LL SAY I WAS DRUNK! I CAN'T AFFORD THAT!







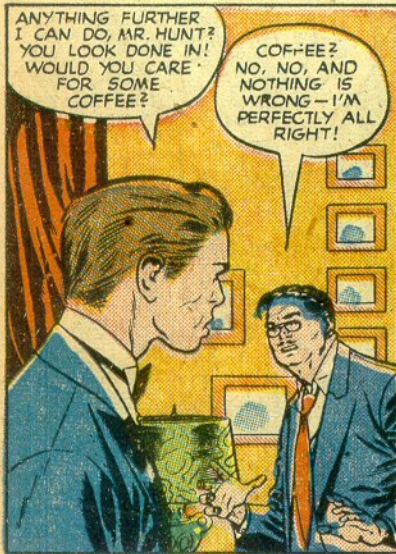
OH, NO, NO, NO, NO!  
OH, MY BABY! MY  
BABY! YOU  
MURDERER!  
D-1077, D-1077,  
D-1077...



I'M SURE THAT WOMAN  
COULDN'T HAVE READ MY  
LICENSE NUMBER! ANYHOW,  
I'D BETTER WIPE OFF  
THE FENDER—JUST IN  
CASE THERE'S ANY  
BLOOD OR DENTS  
ON IT!



THERE NOW—THERE'S NO  
SIGN OF ANY ACCIDENT!  
I'M IN THE CLEAR!  
WHEW! THAT WAS A  
NARROW ESCAPE!



ANYTHING FURTHER  
I CAN DO, MR. HUNT?  
YOU LOOK DONE IN!  
WOULD YOU CARE  
FOR SOME  
COFFEE?

COF-EE?  
NO, NO, AND  
NOTHING IS  
WRONG—I'M  
PERFECTLY ALL  
RIGHT!



WELSH, IF THAT  
CALL IS FOR ME,  
I'M NOT AWAKE  
YET, UNDER-  
STAND?

Y. YESSIR!



I'M SORRY—HE'S NOT  
UP YET! WHAT? OH, YES,  
HE HAS A BLUE CON-  
VERTIBLE! YES, D-1077—  
JUST A MOMENT—WHO  
ARE YOU, SIR—HELLO,  
HELLO—HE HUNG  
UP!



WHO  
WAS IT?  
WHAT DID  
THEY  
WANT?

HE DIDN'T SAY,  
SIR—JUST ASKED  
IF YOU OWNED A  
BLUE CONVERTIBLE  
AND MENTIONED  
YOUR LICENSE  
NUMBER!



OH, YOU  
STUPID FOOL!  
YOU CRAZY  
IDIOT! WHY  
DID YOU TELL  
THEM—WHY?

BUT SIR, IT'S TRUE—  
AND YOU KNOW  
THEY COULD CHECK  
AT THE MOTOR  
BUREAU! I DON'T  
UNDERSTAND—IS  
ANYTHING  
WRONG?



OH, NO, NO—  
NOTHING  
SERIOUS!

BLAST THAT WOMAN—  
SHE MUST HAVE SEEN  
MY LICENSE AFTER ALL!  
I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF  
THIS SOMEHOW! HIT-  
AND-RUN DRIVING  
IS A SERIOUS  
CRIME!

OH, JOE, COME  
OVER AND SIT DOWN—  
THERE'S SOMETHING  
I WANT TO DISCUSS  
WITH YOU!

YES,  
SIR!



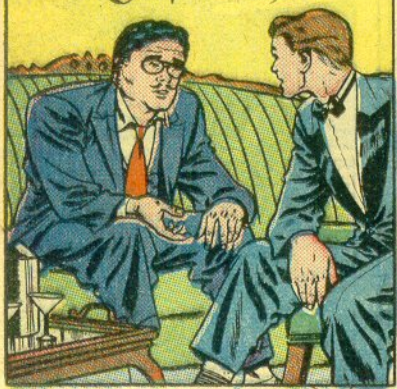
I'VE BEEN THINKING ABOUT THAT ADVANCE YOU WANTED FOR YOUR WIFE'S OPERATION! WHAT WOULD YOU SAY IF I GAVE YOU THAT FIVE HUNDRED OUTRIGHT AS A GIFT?

A GIFT? I DON'T UNDERSTAND! WHY ONLY YESTERDAY YOU WOULDN'T EVEN LEND IT!

I KNOW... I KNOW... BUT CIRCUMSTANCES HAVE CHANGED! YOU CAN DO ME A SMALL FAVOR, AND IN EXCHANGE, I CAN ARRANGE IT SO THAT YOUR WIFE CAN HAVE HER OPERATION AT MY PRIVATE HOSPITAL AT MY EXPENSE, AND YOU CAN HAVE THE MONEY LEFT OVER TO OPEN A BUSINESS OF YOUR OWN... AND ALSO YOUR CHILD CAN HAVE A GOOD EDUCATION! THIS IS YOUR BIG CHANCE!

I DON'T GET IT! WHAT'S THE CATCH? WHAT KIND OF FAVOR IS WORTH THAT MUCH TO YOU?

I'M IN A LITTLE JAM! DRIVING BACK THIS MORNING I HAD AN ACCIDENT—I HIT A PEDESTRIAN, BUT IT WASN'T MY FAULT!

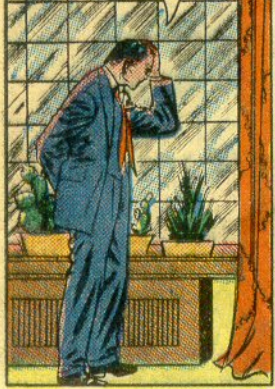


I GOT SO RATTLED, I DROVE ON! IT WAS BEASTLY OF ME, I KNOW, BUT I LOST MY HEAD! IF I'M ARRESTED ON A HIT-AND-RUN CHARGE, I'LL BE RUINED!

...AND IF I'M SENT TO JAIL, YOU'LL LOSE YOUR JOB, AND THEN, WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO YOUR WIFE? IT'S ENTIRELY UP TO YOU, JOE!

NOW I GET IT—YOU DON'T WANT MUCH! YOU JUST WANT ME TO TAKE THE BLAME!

I'LL MAKE IT WORTH YOUR WHILE! HERE'S FIVE HUNDRED CASH—ON TOP OF THAT, I'LL PAY YOU \$100 A WEEK FOR AS LONG AS YOU'RE IN JAIL! THAT'S FIVE TIMES AS MUCH AS YOU CAN EARN AS A BUTLER—HOW ABOUT IT?



MAYBE YOU DON'T TRUST ME! ALL RIGHT, LOOK—TO PROVE MY GOOD FAITH, HERE'S A CHECK I'LL MAKE OUT NOW, AND POST DATE IT A YEAR FROM TODAY, FOR \$10,000! THINK OF IT, JOE, \$10,000—YOU CAN DO A LOT FOR YOUR FAMILY WITH THAT—AND WHAT'S A YEAR IN JAIL? BY THEN YOUR WIFE WILL BE ALL WELL AND YOU CAN START A NEW LIFE!

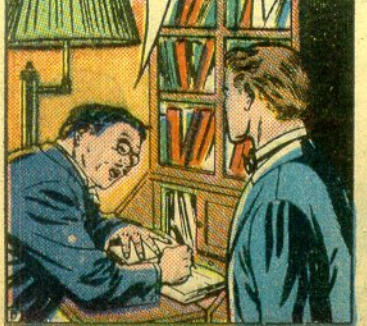
GEE, I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY!

DO YOU MEAN TO TELL ME THAT JUST FOR A LITTLE PRINCIPLE, YOU'D SACRIFICE YOUR WIFE'S LIFE? IF YOU REFUSE, YOU'RE SIGNING HER DEATH WARRANT! IT'S ONLY ONE YEAR OF YOUR LIFE FOR ALL OF OF HERS!

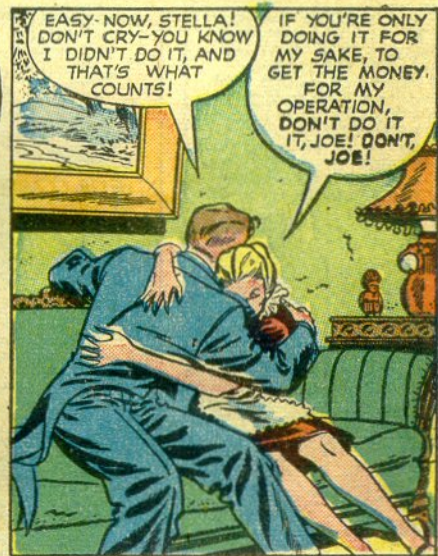
OKAY, MR. HUNT, YOU WIN—I'LL DO IT! LET'S HAVE THAT CHECK—AND REMEMBER, YOU'RE ALSO SENDING STELLA STRAIGHT TO YOUR HOSPITAL—RIGHT?

OF COURSE—NOW REMEMBER, NOT A WORD OF THIS TO ANYONE! FROM NOW ON, YOUR STORY IS THAT YOU BORROWED MY CAR, WENT THROUGH A RED LIGHT, AND HAD AN ACCIDENT!

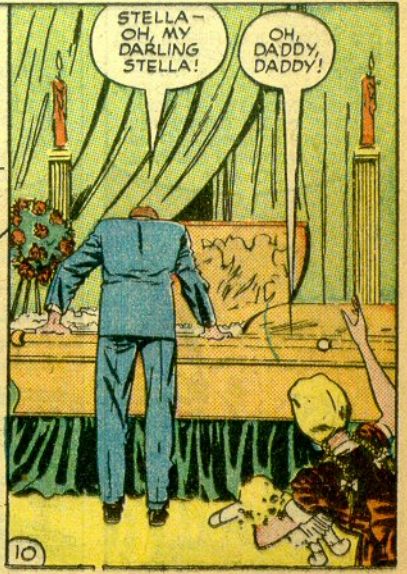
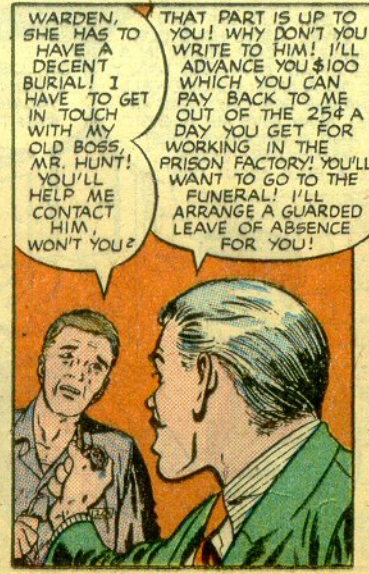
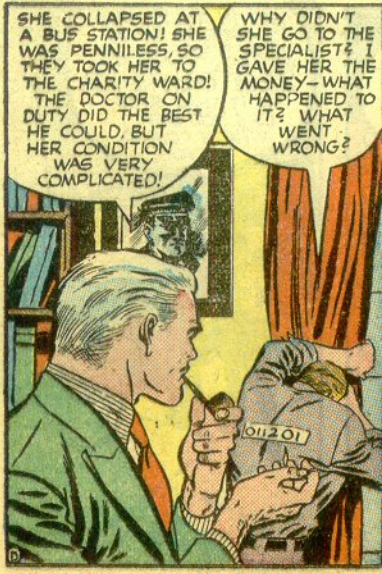
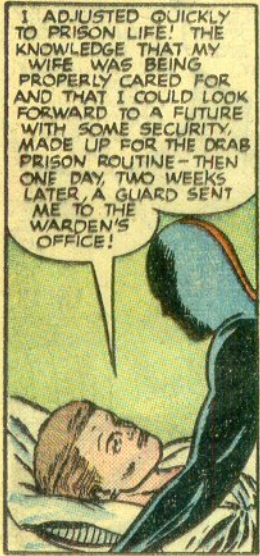
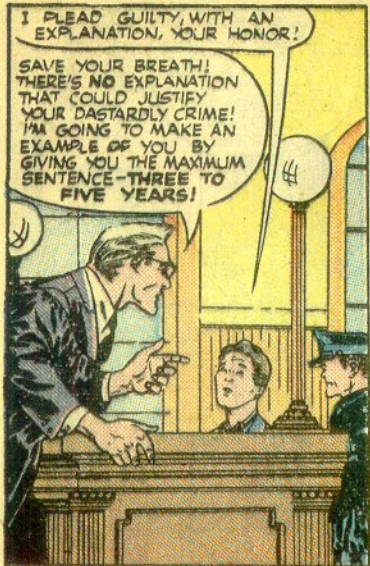
...AND RAN AWAY LIKE A RAT! I GET IT, MR. HUNT! I GUESS THE LAW IS AT THE DOOR NOW! OF COURSE YOU KNOW THAT I WILL HAVE TO TELL STELLA EVERYTHING!















NANCY! NANCY, BABY—WHO'S TAKING CARE OF YOU WHILE DADDY IS WORKING FAR AWAY?

SHE'S BEEN PLACED IN THE CITY ORPHANAGE, WELSH! IF YOU'D LIKE TO TALK TO HER ALONE FOR A WHILE, I'LL LEAVE YOU WITH HER! YOU'RE ON YOUR HONOR!



NANCY, DEAR, TELL DADDY WHAT HAPPENED! TRY AND REMEMBER EVERYTHING, FROM THE DAY YOU LEFT WHERE WE ALL USED TO LIVE TOGETHER!



"MOMMY WAS ALL PACKED AN' READY TO GO WHEN MR. HUNT CAME INTO OUR ROOM!"

HELLO, MRS. WELSH—ALL PACKED AND READY, I SEE! WHAT WILL YOU DO WITH NANCY WHILE YOU'RE IN THE HOSPITAL?

THE DOCTOR SAID SHE COULD BOARD IN THE CHILDREN'S WARD! WILL YOU EXCUSE ME A MINUTE? I HAVE TO CALL A CAB!



"WHEN MOMMY LEFT THE ROOM, HE TOLD ME HE WANTED TO PLAY A GAME ON MOMMY, AND NOT TO TELL—HE SAID HE WAS PUTTING MONEY IN HER POCKETBOOK!"

THE MONEY—IT'S ALL HERE—BLAST IT—WHERE'S THE CHECK?

THIS IS A GAME—YOU MUSTN'T TELL YOUR MOMMY!



"THE OLD NASTY MAN HELPED MOMMY AND ME INTO A TAXI—HE EVEN PAID THE DRIVER!"

WHY THAT'S ISN'T NECESSARY, MR. HUNT—I HAVE THE MONEY!

THERE NOW, STELLA—IT'S THE LEAST I CAN DO! GOOD LUCK AND GET WELL SOON!



"WE GOT TO THE DOCTOR'S AND HE AND MOMMY TALKED A LOT! THEN SHE TOOK OUT HER POCKETBOOK!"

GOOD HEAVENS—WHERE'S THE MONEY? IT WAS IN MY BAG! IT'S GONE! OH, DEAR, I MUST HAVE LEFT IT ON THE BUREAU! I'LL HAVE TO GO BACK! I KNOW I COULDN'T HAVE LOST IT! COME, NANCY—I'LL BE BACK IN A HALF-HOUR, DOCTOR!



"WHEN WE WENT BACK, MR. HUNT YELLED OUT THE WINDOW AT US! HE WOULDN'T LET US IN!"

PLEASE, MR. HUNT—PLEASE LET ME IN! I FORGOT SOMETHING!

IF YOU DON'T LEAVE AT ONCE, I SHALL CALL THE POLICE! I'LL TELL THEM TO ARREST YOU!



"MOMMY CRIED AND CRIED! WE HAD TO WALK AND WALK—AND THE SUITCASE WAS SO HEAVY! THEN WE CAME TO A BUS STATION!"

MOMMY, PLEASE DON'T CRY—OH, MOMMY, YOU LOOK SO SICK—I'M SCARED!

NANCY, MY BABY—WHAT'S TO BECOME OF YOU? MOMMY'S SO SICK—AND DADDY'S AWAY, SO HE CAN'T TAKE CARE OF YOU!



"WE WERE ALL ALONE ON THE BENCH—SHE LOOKED AWFUL SICK!"

MILLICENT AND I CAN TAKE CARE OF EACH OTHER, MOMMY! PLEASE DON'T CRY, PLEASE!

MILLICENT—MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT! LET MOMMY HAVE MILLICENT FOR A MINUTE, NANCY! IF MILLICENT'S GOING TO TAKE CARE OF YOU, MOMMY WANTS TO FIX THAT BIG HOLE IN HER SO SHE WON'T GET SICK, TOO!





PROMISE MOMMY THAT WHATEVER HAPPENS, YOU'LL ALWAYS KEEP MILLICENT! SHE'S ALL YOU'LL HAVE FOR A FAMILY, UNTIL DADDY COMES TO GET YOU!

I PROMISE, MOMMY, DON'T CLOSE YOUR EYES, MOMMY— WAKE UP— PLEASE, MOMMY! MOMMY!



THEN MOMMY WENT TO SLEEP—A LOT OF PEOPLE CAME OVER! THEY CARRIED MOMMY AWAY AND A BIG LADY CAME AND TOOK ME! THAT'S WHAT HAPPENED, DADDY—AND SEE? I STILL HAVE MILLICENT!

I SEE— YOU'RE A GOOD 'LITTLE GIRL, NANCY—A VERY GOOD LITTLE GIRL!



SOMEONE MUST HAVE THOUGHT A LOT OF YOUR WIFE—LOOK AT THOSE FLOWERS!



HEY, WELSH— HAVE YOU LOST YOUR MIND? WHY ARE YOU KICKING THOSE FLOWERS?

BECAUSE THE MAN WHO SENT THEM AS MUCH AS KILLED MY WIFE, THAT'S WHY!



WELSH, I'VE BEEN IN CORRECTION WORK FOR THIRTY YEARS AND I'LL SWEAR THAT YOU'RE NOT THE HIT-AND-RUN TYPE! IT SEEMS TO ME THERE'S MORE TO YOUR STORY THAN CAME OUT IN COURT! I WISH YOU'D OPEN UP! YOU'VE GOT A BURDEN ON YOUR MIND THAT SHOULD BE UNLOADED!

YOU'RE RIGHT, WARDEN! I HAD REASON TO KEEP STILL BEFORE, BUT THAT TIME HAS PASSED!



IF ALL THAT IS TRUE, YOU WON'T SPEND ANOTHER MONTH IN THIS PRISON! ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS PRODUCE THAT CHECK! YOUR STATE OF MIND AT THAT CRUCIAL TIME SHOULD JUSTIFY YOUR BEHAVIOR! NOW HOW ABOUT THE CHECK?

CHANCES ARE THAT HUNT STOLE IT BACK ALONG WITH THE \$500 CASH! OH, WHAT'S THE USE—I'M STUCK, WARDEN, AND I KNOW IT!



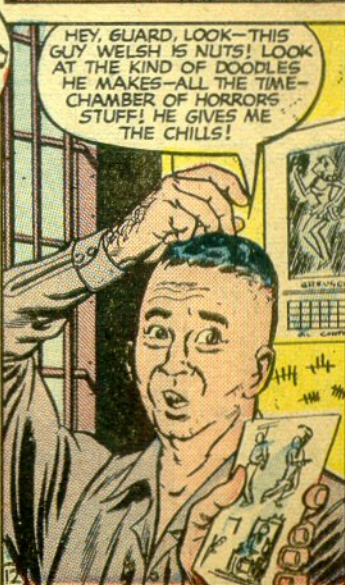
KEEP YOUR CHIN UP AND WORK HARD IN HERE! I CAN'T GET YOU A NEW TRIAL, BUT I CAN PULL STRINGS TO GET YOU PAROLED THE MINUTE YOU'RE ELIGIBLE AND I'LL DO IT, BELIEVE YOU ME!

THANKS, WARDEN! I'LL BE GOOD—I'VE ONLY GOT ONE THING TO LOOK FORWARD TO WHEN I DO GET OUT—ONLY ONE THING!



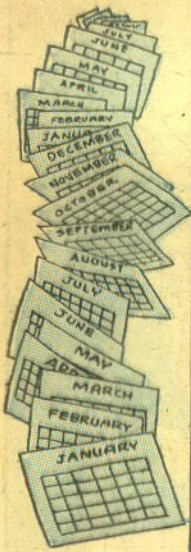
THAT'S SWELL ART WORK, JOE—ONLY, COULDN'T YOU DRAW SOMETHING MORE CHEERFUL? WHO'S THAT GUY YOU'RE ALWAYS MURDERIN' WITH CHALK?

A HUNTIN' I WILL GO! I'LL CATCH A SKUNK! I'M GONNA MAKE HIM WHINE— A HUNTIN' I WILL GO!



HEY, GUARD, LOOK—THIS GUY WELSH IS NUTS! LOOK AT THE KIND OF DOODLES HE MAKES—ALL THE TIME—CHAMBER OF HORRORS STUFF! HE GIVES ME THE CHILLS!





OKAY, REMBRANDT! THE WARDEN! YOU WANT TO SEE YOU!



JOE—YOUR PAROLE HAS COME THROUGH! YOU'LL BE OUT OF HERE BY AFTERNOON—ONLY ONE THING WORRIES ME! THESE PICTURES YOU'VE BEEN DRAWING—THESE ARE EFFIGIES OF HUNT, AREN'T THEY?



IT DOESN'T TAKE A PSYCHIATRIST TO KNOW YOU'VE GOT REVENGE ON YOUR MIND! YOU MUST FORGET THE PAST, JOE! REMEMBER—ONE MISTEP AND YOU'LL BE BACK HERE TO SERVE YOUR FULL SENTENCE, AND THEN SOME! ALSO, REMEMBER THAT YOU'VE GOT A HELPLESS LITTLE DAUGHTER!

YES, WARDEN!

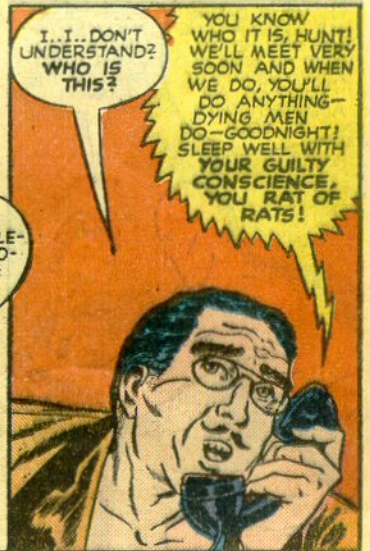


FORGET THE PAST—FORGET HOW HE TRICKED ME! HOW HE KILLED MY WIFE—HOW CAN I FORGET?



HELLO—YES, I'M HUNT—WHO'S CALLING?

MR. HUNT? DO YOU OWN A BLUE CONVERTIBLE—ONE WITH BLOOD-STAINS ON THE FRONT FENDER?



I...I...DON'T UNDERSTAND? WHO IS THIS?

YOU KNOW WHO IT IS, HUNT! WE'LL MEET VERY SOON AND WHEN WE DO, YOU'LL DO ANYTHING—DYING MEN DO—GOODNIGHT! SLEEP WELL WITH YOUR GUILTY CONSCIENCE, YOU RAT OF RATS!



THAT WAS YESTERDAY, DAREDEVIL! I WANTED HIM TO SPEND THE LONG HOURS OF THE NIGHT IN TERROR—COLD WITH SWEAT, WONDERING WHEN I'D STRIKE!

YOU SOUND INTELLIGENT! HOW COULD YOU HAVE DONE ANYTHING SO STUPID—I MEAN, SHOOTING HUNT!



I KNOW EVERYTHING I DID WAS WRONG! I SEE ALL THAT NOW! THE TEMPTATION OF ALL THAT MONEY BLINDED ME—THEN WHEN HUNT DOUBLE CROSSED ME—ALL I COULD THINK OF WAS REVENGE! NOW STELLA IS DEAD, AND I'M DYING! AND POOR LITTLE NANCY HAS NO ONE!



I'M DYIN', DAREDEVIL, DYIN' A FAILURE! GIVE ME ONE RAY OF HOPE—GO SEE NANCY! TRY AND DO SOMETHING FOR HER—PROMISE... PROMISE ME!

I PROMISE, JOE! MAYBE I CAN STILL FIND THAT CHECK! IF I CAN, IT WILL SERVE TWO PURPOSES! IT WILL PROVE YOUR STORY AND PROVIDE FOR NANCY, AS YOU PLANNED!



IF HE HAD TOLD THAT SPECIALIST HIS PREDICAMENT, I'LL BET HE WOULD HAVE TREATED HIS WIFE ON CREDIT! DID HE DIE?

YES, BOYS, HE DIED! IF HE HADN'T TRIED TO INTERFERE WITH FATE, HIS STORY MAY HAVE HAD A DIFFERENT ENDING!

THE CITY ORPHANAGE? WHAT ARE WE GOING THERE FOR? OH, FOR LITTLE NANCY-THAT'S RIGHT!

YOU'RE ON THE BALL, JOCK! I MADE A PROMISE TO JOE- JUST BEFORE HE DIED, REMEMBER?

THIS IS NANCY WELSH, DAREDEVIL! NANCY, THESE ARE FRIENDS OF YOUR DADDY'S! THEY'VE COME TO SEE YOU!

DID YOU COME TO TAKE ME TO DADDY? MOMMY SAID DADDY WOULD COME FOR ME SOME DAY-HOW IS MY DADDY?



NO, YOUR DADDY HAD TO GO A LONG WAY OFF! HE DID SEND HIS LOVE AND ASKED ME IF I'D BE SORT OF AN ADOPTED UNCLE TO YOU!

THEN YOU'RE MILLICENT'S UNCLE, TOO? SHE'S ALSO PART OF THE FAMILY!

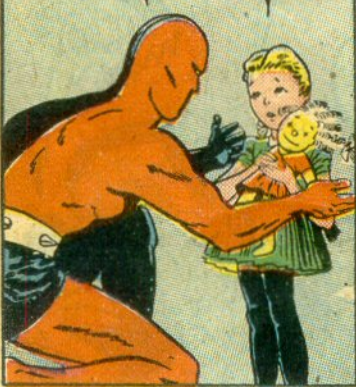
THE CHILD HAS THE STRANGEST ATTACHMENT TO THAT DOLL! I SUPPOSE IT'S NATURAL, THOUGH! IT'S THE ONLY THING SHE HAS LEFT TO REMIND HER OF HER PAST!

SO THAT'S MILLICENT! YOUR DADDY TOLD ME ABOUT HER! MAY I HOLD HER?

IF YOU'RE GOING TO BE HER UNCLE! I GUESS IT WILL BE ALL RIGHT WITH HER!

PEE WEE-GET NANCY'S ATTENTION FOR A FEW SECONDS! I WANT TO PERFORM A MINOR OPERATION ON MILLICENT!

SURE, D.D.- BUT AREN'T YOU KIND OF BIG TO BE PLAYIN' WITH DOLLS?



YOU'VE TORN OPEN HER DOLL! OH, THE POOR CHILD WILL BE HEART-BROKEN!

OH, NO! IT WAS TORN-NOW LET'S SEE-OH, OH, HERE IT IS! THIS IS WHAT I'M LOOKING FOR!

WHY, IT'S A CHECK FOR \$10,000! GOOD GRACIOUS-IT'S MADE OUT TO WELSH! WHY THAT'S NANCY'S NAME!

YES, THAT BELONGS TO THE CHILD NOW! HER MOTHER HID IT INSIDE THE TEAR IN THE DOLL BEFORE SHE DIED! IT WAS THE ONLY WAY SHE HAD OF KEEPING IT SAFE FOR NANCY! WILL YOU SEW THIS UP BEFORE SHE FINDS OUT? THIS CHECK WILL PAY HER TUITION AT A GOOD PRIVATE SCHOOL UNTIL SHE'S OF AGE!

SHE'S A CUTE KID, D.D.- WE PROMISED TO VISIT HER AGAIN! TOO BAD, SHE HAS TO BE IN THAT ORPHANAGE!

SHE WON'T BE THERE FOR LONG! NOT THAT THERE IS ANYTHING WRONG WITH THE PLACE, BUT NOW SHE'LL GET THE BEST EDUCATION THERE IS, WHICH IS WHAT HER FATHER AND MOTHER WERE REALLY AFTER! HOW DO YOU LIKE YOUR NEW NIECE?

SHE'S THE BEST LITTLE GAL I EVER SAW!



SHE'S A PERFECT LITTLE LADY!

THE END



# FOURTEEN CARAT

## HEELS

**T**HE trouble is, we can't trace the jewels any further than this, Doctor Tringel," said Chief Inspector Crandall, glancing across the big desk in Police Headquarters to where *Crimebuster* sat with Squeeks. "He must pass the smuggled gems on to someone else, but we can't find that someone."

"Has the Doc any special patients you know about—steady ones?" *Crimebuster's* forehead was wrinkled by a slight frown of concentration.

"We're way ahead of you there," answered Crandall. "In fact, that's why I asked you to help. You see, we've found that Tringel's steadiest call is at Jackson's Dancing School, just across the street from his office. It seems natural, since Tringel's a chiropodist, but still we'd like to check on the place. Now, you're a young fellow, and it would appear to be quite on the square if you—well, that is, if . . ."

*Crimebuster* groaned. "If I should just happen to wander into that dancing school pretending to be a rumba addict or something and start taking lessons—is that what you mean?"

"Well, yes," answered Crandall with a grin. "That's it. Why, it might not be so bad! Lots of people take dancing lessons, and . . ."

"Alright, alright! Skip the sales talk—I'll do it," said *Crimebuster* good-naturedly. "But remember—this is *strictly* in the interests of law and order—and under slight protest!"

The heavy-set man at the desk grinned in an attempt at light humor. "Does the little fellow want lessons, too?"

It was the following afternoon, and *Crimebuster*, dressed in civilian clothes, stood in the outer office of the Jackson Dancing School. He turned to wink at Squeeks, perched high on his shoulder.

"No thanks, Mr. Jackson," he answered. "Squeeks gets around much too fast as it is!"

"I think I'll turn you over to Miss Arnaut," said Jackson, leading the way into a large, mir-

rored room and beckoning to a pretty, dark-haired girl just inside the door. "There are only three of us on the staff right now—Miss Arnaut, Mr. Kelly and myself. Small, but cozy."

He smiled toothily as the girl approached. "Miss Arnaut, this is Mr. Cruster, our new pupil," he said, indicating *Crimebuster*. "And now I'll leave you two to get on with your first lesson."

The girl gave *Crimebuster* a firm hand and a frank smile as Jackson hurried away. "My goodness, what a cute monkey! But I'm afraid you'll have to park him somewhere while we're dancing," she said.

*Crimebuster* gestured, and Squeeks obediently leaped to the back of the nearest chair and turned to watch this latest strange acquaintance of his young master's with unabashed curiosity.

"Now," said the girl, "just what sort of dancing interests you?"

*Crimebuster*, recalling his conversation with Crandall, spoke the first words that came into his head. "Why, I'd like to learn the rumba!"

"Fine," said Miss Arnaut, placing a record on a nearby phonograph. "That's my favorite dance, too." She placed herself beside *Crimebuster*. "Now, just watch me. The first step you'll have to learn goes forward—forward-side, together—"

*Crimebuster* had slid forward, sideward, wriggled and rocked for almost an hour, the length of his lesson, and was about to admit that he would learn nothing to help Crandall on that particular day, when Jackson stuck his toothy grin into the room again.

"Time for Doc Tringel, Miss Arnaut," he called. "Come along, now!"

"Oh, I'm sorry—aren't you feeling well?" *Crimebuster's* question sounded innocent.

"Nothing like that," answered the girl. "He's a foot doctor. Some silly notion of Mr. Jackson's about examining a dancer's feet every day."

*Crimebuster* lounged in the waiting room and watched as she disappeared through a doorway



down the hall. A moment before she reappeared, Jackson was joined in the hall by a man much more suited to the boxing ring than the dance floor, and the two men entered the room and closed the door the moment the girl came out.

She smiled at *Crimebuster*. "Well, your lesson is over for today. Can I expect you at the same time tomorrow?"

As he answered in the affirmative, *Crimebuster* gestured at Squeeks, who immediately proceeded to turn a flip. Miss Arnaut was captivated. And so, fifteen minutes later when Jackson and his assistant came out of the room and walked out of sight in the other direction, *Crimebuster* was still present. Catching sight of them, he bid a pleasant afternoon to Miss Arnaut, shouldered Squeeks, and strolled nonchalantly down the hall.

"Well, Squeeks—offense is the best defense, so I hear," he muttered. And with that he opened the door, glanced about to find that he had not been observed, and stepped into the room.

*Crimebuster* wasted no time. Even as he quickly took in the tall, cadaverous looking man packing a small black bag on the desk across the room, he began to speak.

"Hiya, Doc! Jackson sent me in. I'm helping out for a few days." He winked broadly at the man across the room. "Got a little something hot for some cold feet?"

Tringel looked annoyed. "That Jackson never tells me anything—thinks he's such a big shot! I've got everything packed away now, and—oh, well! Sit down and stick your hoofs up here on the desk!"

*Crimebuster* did as he was told, meanwhile speculating on the unorthodox medical approach Tringel seemed to favor. But a greater surprise was to come. The doctor seized *Crimebuster's* right heel, and gave a sharp twist, meanwhile reaching into his bag with his left hand and bringing out a small leather bag.

"I happen to have plenty of ice here, so—hey! It doesn't come off!" Tringel was dumfounded for a moment, but it was enough for *Crimebuster*.

A grin split his face. "No, it doesn't," he said, leaping to his feet and grabbing the tiny bag from the desk, "but now I know what does come off here, Tringel! The old hollow heel racket, eh? You put the stones in the boys' heels, and they walk right off with them!"

But Tringel was pretty fast himself. He sprang to a position between *Crimebuster* and the door, ripping a gun from under his arm. "Jackson! Kelly! Come in here," he roared, as Squeeks chattered excitedly on the floor, recognizing the weapon.

Jackson and his pal must have been just outside, for they burst in almost immediately. *Crimebuster* found himself facing three angry crooks, one of them covering him with a gun, the other two also armed, in all probability. But he only grinned, juggling the bag of gems gently

in his hand.

"Well, Crandall will be glad to hear this is nothing more than the old heel gag," he said. "He was afraid you boys had rigged up something brand new!"

"So you're a police stooge," snarled Tringel, leveling the gun. "Well, you won't be telling anybody anything! I'm gonna make sure of that right now!"

"Cut it out, Tringel!" Jackson's voice was cold and sharp. "Want to give the whole set-up away? That girl's right outside—she'd be witness to a killing, even if she don't know anything else! We'll knock this punk off somewhere else!"

Jackson turned to the bulky, flat-nosed man beside him. "Take them stones away from the kid, Kelly!"

"Wit' pleasure," said Kelly. He grinned crookedly, advancing on *Crimebuster* with his arms spread, ape-fashion.

*Crimebuster* let the pug advance to within arm's length. Then suddenly there was the blur of a lightning fast fist, a sharp crack, a dull thud, and the gangling Kelly lay sprawled on the floor—out cold!

The doctor cursed, and tightened his grasp on the gun, but Jackson was unmoved. "Okay, kid, if that's the way you want it! Noise or no noise, the doc here is gonna shoot when I count three! One . . . two . . ."

*Crimebuster* grinned down at Squeeks, dangling the bag of jewels suggestively. Then he swung his arm in a low arc, and tossed the bag toward Jackson. "Catch," he shouted.

Both Jackson and Tringel instinctively reached for the flying object, but there was a sudden flash of motion from the floor, and Squeeks, playing an old familiar game with his master, headed for the cover of the desk, hugging to his breast a fortune in gems!

Tringel loosed a wild shot in the direction of the little monkey, and Jackson made a flying grab for him. For a moment, they were off guard, and that moment was their Waterloo.

Tringel never knew what hit him. It was *Crimebuster's* fist, as he flew past, heading for Jackson. Jackson saw it coming, braced himself and swung—into empty air over *Crimebuster's* head. At the same moment, a pile driver seemed to start going in Jackson's stomach, and then a split second later the gangleader had the distinct sensation of being kicked on the chin by a mule. He didn't know until some twenty minutes later that the mule, too, was only *Crimebuster's* fist.

Jackson awoke holding his aching head in time to hear the end of a telephone conversation.

"That's right, Crandall—hollow heels! Send the wagon up for them," *Crimebuster* was saying. "Well, no—I'll see you a little later. The girl wasn't involved, you see, but I suppose she'll be out of a job. And I thought—well, this rhumba isn't so bad after all! Maybe I can get her to give me one more lesson!" *the end*



# SNIFFER

BY  
CARL  
HUBBELL



**THE MAN IN THE STREET!**  
LOOIE DA LUG WAS JEST TELLIN' ME DAT SNIFFER GOT SHOT UP DOWN SOUTH ONCE AN' NEEDED A BLOOD TRANSFOOSIAN! DA NEEDED A BLOOD AROUND DAT HADDA RIGHT TYPE AN' DAT IS WHY SNIFFER KIN SMELL SO GOOD!

AH, HE'S WHACKY! IT WAS DIS WAY!

**THE OFFICE OF A CERTAIN GOVERNMENT BUREAU, WASHINGTON, D. C.**

GENTLEMEN! THE RESULTS OF OUR INVESTIGATION CAMPAIGN ARE NOW COMPLETE! BRIEFLY, THEY APPEAR TO INDICATE THAT SNIFFER'S OVERLY DEVELOPED POWER OF SMELL IS DUE TO NATURE'S LAW OF COMPENSATION! NON-EXISTENT!

THE MYSTERY OF THE AGE!  
THE GREAT ENIGMA!  
THE BURNING QUESTION ON EVERYBODY'S LIPS! IS -

## WHO IS SNIFFER??

SO MANY FALSE ACCOUNTS AND RUMORS ARE CURRENTLY CIRCULATING ABOUT OUR HERO'S PAST, THAT WE FEEL IT'S OUR DUTY TO TEAR AWAY THE CURTAIN OF MYSTERY THAT OBSCURES THE FACTS, AND TO STRAIGHTEN OUT THE WHOLE MESS, ONCE AND FOR ALL!



MY DEAR, I HAVE JUST HEARD THE MOST DELICIOUS ACCOUNT OF THE ORIGIN OF ER-SNIFFER!

NOT REALLY! I AM ALL EARS, LADY SCHENLEY!



LIVELY SUBJECT OF DEBATE AMONG THE YOUNGER SET!

SNIFFER DID NOT HAVE HIS SCHNOZZ GRAFTED ON FROM A BLOODHOUND! IT WAS A BULL DOG!

IT WAS A BLOODHOUND, YA SAP!



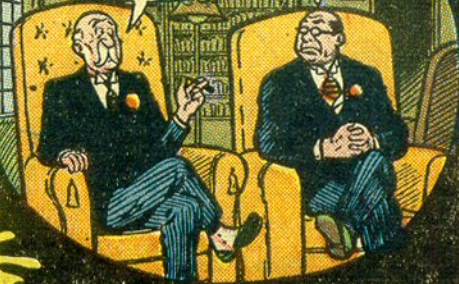
FOR THE FIRST TIME WE NOW PRESENT THE REAL INSIDE STORY OF

HOW SNIFFER GOT HIS START!

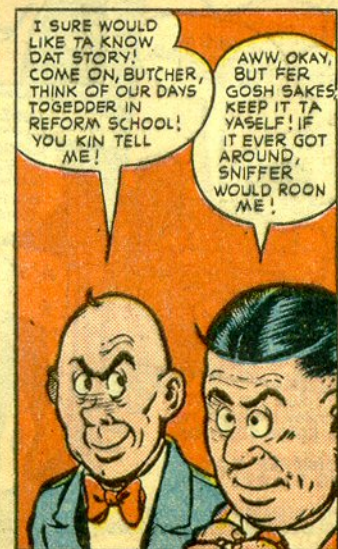
THIS IS THE STRAIGHT GOODS! DO NOT BE DECEIVED BY ANY OTHER!

DAILY POST-HERALD  
BETWEEN THE LINES BY WALTER PINCHWELL  
FLASH! IT IS REPORTED BY AN AUTHORITATIVE SOURCE THAT THE WELL KNOWN 20TH CENTURY ROBIN HOOD, SNIFFER, ONCE ACCIDENTALLY ATTENDED A KLAN MEETING! THE SMELL SO AFFECTED HIS NOSE THAT IT WAS NEVER SINCE BEEN ENTIRELY NORMAL AND IS PARTICULARLY SENSITIVE TO OFFENSIVE OR FOUL ODORS AND FREQUENTLY

AN EXCLUSIVE 5TH AVENUE CLUB!  
I SAY PRUMLY, IT IS RUMORED THAT SNIFFER OWES HIS FANTASTIC TALENTS TO HIS HAVING ONCE MISTAKEN A BOTTLE OF PHOTOGRAPHIC SENSITIZER FOR NOSE-DROPS!  
A MOST DUBIOUS EXPLANATION, FOTHERBY! HIGHLY IMPLAUSIBLE!

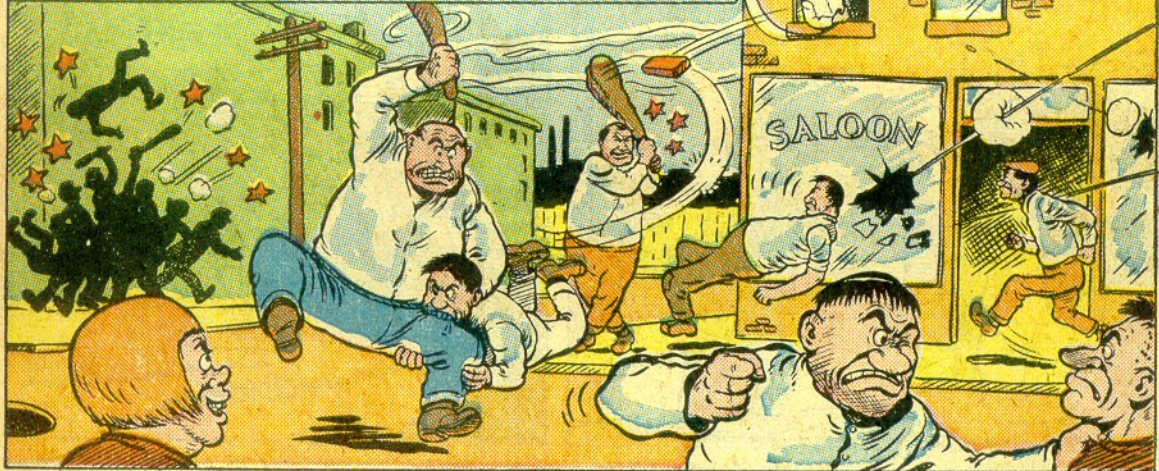




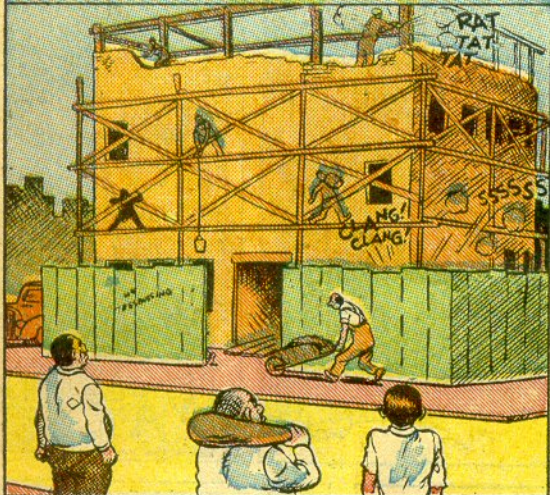




"THERE WAS HARDLY A DAY WENT BY WHEN DA FEE-ROSHIS RESIDENTS HADN'T CLUBBED, SOCKED, SHOT, BASHED, OR SLUGGED THEMSELVES INTO UNCONSHUSNUSS! IN DESE SOMEWHAT ROUGH SURROUNDINGS, SNIFFER SPENT HIS GAY, INNERCENT CHILDHOOD!"



"ONE FATEFUL DAY, MUCH ACTIVITY WAS NOTICSED IN DA VISSINITY!"



"SO IT TURNS OUT DEY BUILT A CHEESE FACTORY! IT SPESHIALIZED IN LIMBURGER, AN' OTHER REAL DISGUSTIN' SMELLIN' CHEESES!"



OH, I GET IT! DA HORRIBLE FUMES, THROUGH CONSTANT CONTACT WID SNIFFER'S SCHNOZZ, DEVELOPED IT INTO DA SUPER SENSITIVE DELICATE OBJECT IT NOW IS!

NOT QUITE! IT WASN'T NUTHIN' AS SIMPLE AS DAT! WELL, AS I WAS SAYIN' DA JOINT SMELLED PERTY BAD, AN'...



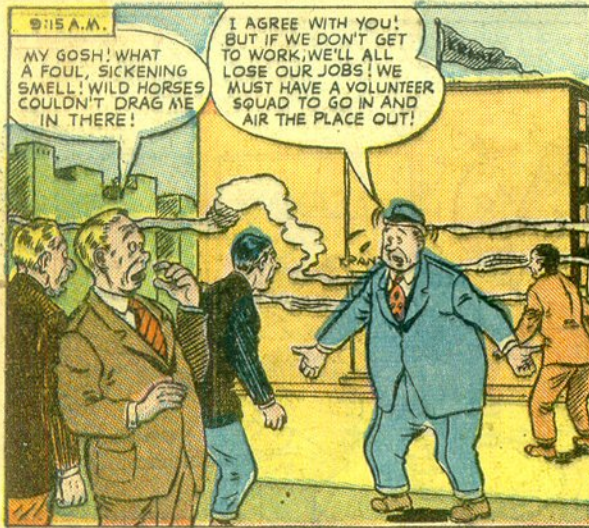
"...WHEN DA EMPLOYEES WOULD COME TA WORK IN DA MORNIN'..."



FAUGH! GET BACK!







9:15 A.M.

MY GOSH! WHAT A FOUL, SICKENING SMELL! WILD HORSES COULDN'T DRAG ME IN THERE!

I AGREE WITH YOU! BUT IF WE DON'T GET TO WORK, WE'LL ALL LOSE OUR JOBS! WE MUST HAVE A VOLUNTEER SQUAD TO GO IN AND AIR THE PLACE OUT!



10:30 A.M.

HOORAY FOR THE BRAVE VOLUNTEERS! THEY'LL GET THE WINDOWS OPEN!

GULP! WHAT A FATE!

COURAGE, MEN!



LOOK! THEY'VE GOT THE LAST WINDOW OPEN!

MAKE ROOM THERE! THIS MAN NEEDS ATTENTION! HE'S BEEN OVERCOME BY THE FUMES!

11:30 A.M.

GET THE PULMOTOR READY!

YAY!



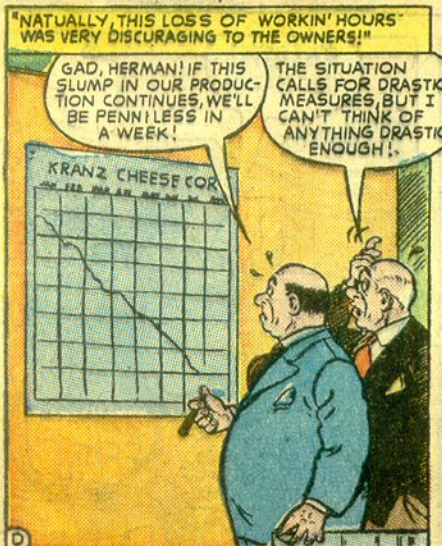
3:48 P.M.

FELLOW EMPLOYEES! I HAVE AN ANNOUNCEMENT! THE FACTORY IS AT LAST AIRED OUT! AND NOW-TO WORK!



4:02 P.M.

HUMPH! WE GET STARTED AT 4 O'CLOCK, WE KNOCKS OFF AT 5! WHAT CHANCE HAS A GUY GOT TO MAKE SOMETHING OUTTA HIMSELF IN A HOUR?



"NATURALLY, THIS LOSS OF WORKIN' HOURS WAS VERY DISCURAGING TO THE OWNERS!"

GAD, HERMAN! IF THIS SLUMP IN OUR PRODUCTION CONTINUES, WE'LL BE PENNILESS IN A WEEK!

THE SITUATION CALLS FOR DRASTIC MEASURES, BUT I CAN'T THINK OF ANYTHING DRASTIC ENOUGH!



HOW ARE WE GOING TO SET UP A VAST CHEESE EMPIRE, IF WE CAN ONLY PRODUCE ONE JAR OF CHEESE A DAY? A-GULP! SMALL JAR! NICKEL SIZE!

WAIT! I JUST HAD A FINE IDEA!



GET THIS! IT'S TERRIFIC! INSTEAD OF OPENING THE FACTORY WINDOWS IN THE MORNING, WE'LL ADOPT A REVOLUTIONARY NEW PLAN! WE WILL LEAVE THE WINDOWS OPEN ALL NIGHT!

CAPITAL IDEA!





LEAVING THE WINDOWS OPEN ALL NIGHT! JEEZ, WHAT A WONDERFUL IDEA! WHAT FAR-SIGHTEDNESS! WHAT VISION! WHAT A BUSINESS ENTERPRISE!

THAT'S WHAT THE KRANZ BROTHER THOUGHT! HOWEVER THE FOLLOWING MORNIN'.

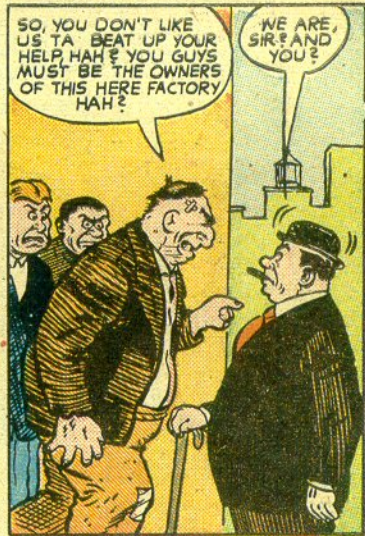


BY GEORGE! IT FEELS GREAT TO LOOK FORWARD TO A FULL DAY OF UNSTINKING, NON-STOP PRODUCTION!

RIGHT! WE'LL BE ON OUR FEET IN A WEEK-AND SEE HERE! STOP THAT ROUGH-HOUSE!

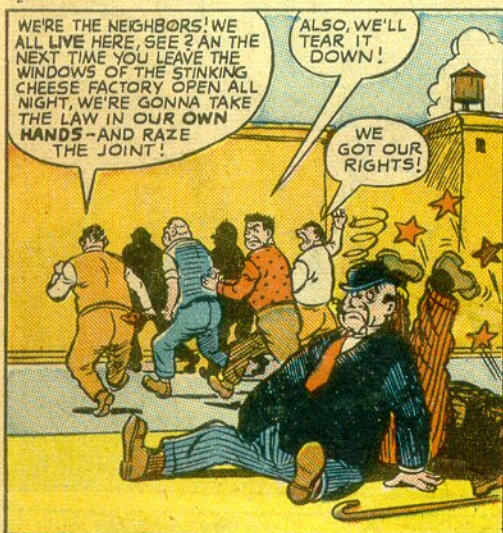
BAM

BOB SOCK



SO, YOU DON'T LIKE US TA BEAT UP YOUR HELP, HAH? YOU GUYS MUST BE THE OWNERS OF THIS HERE FACTORY HAH?

WE ARE, SIR? AND YOU?



WE'RE THE NEIGHBORS! WE ALL LIVE HERE, SEE? AN THE NEXT TIME YOU LEAVE THE WINDOWS OF THE STINKING CHEESE FACTORY OPEN ALL NIGHT, WE'RE GONNA TAKE THE LAW IN OUR OWN HANDS-AND RAZE THE JOINT!

ALSO, WE'LL TEAR IT DOWN!

WE GOT OUR RIGHTS!



WELL, THAT'S THE END OF THAT IDEA! NOW WHAT WILL WE DO? AND HAND ME THE ASPIRINS!

YOU'VE ALREADY HAD THE WHOLE BOTTLE! OOH, THERE MUST BE SOME WAY OUT!



SAY! WE CAN'T LEAVE THE WINDOWS OPEN ALL NIGHT, BUT- SINCE THE ROUGHER ELEMENT OF THE NEIGHBORHOOD HAS USUALLY DRUNK OR POUNDED ITSELF INTO UNCONSCIOUSNESS BY MIDNIGHT, SUPPOSING WE HIRE A NIGHT WATCHMAN TO OPEN THE WINDOWS TWO OR THREE TIMES FROM MIDNIGHT ON?

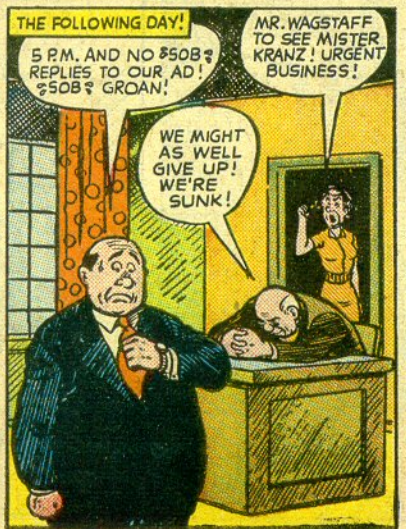
**HELP WANTED- MALE**

NIGHT WATCHMAN WANTED TO OPEN WINDOWS IN CHEESE FACTORY! HOURS-12 MIDNIGHT TO 6 A.M. NO OTHER DUTIES! INTERESTING SURROUNDINGS! PLEASANT SURROUNDINGS! FREE USE OF LIBRARY, SWIMMING POOL, OF LIBRARY, SWIMMING POOL, OF GYMNASIUM, STEAM AND SHOWER BATHS! OPPORTUNITY TO RETIRE IN MERELY FIVE YEARS ON HUGE PENSION! FOR LIFE! SALARY- \$4.00 WEEKLY, OR ON SECOND THOUGHT, NAME YOUR OWN SALARY! APPLY AT ONCE, KRANZ CHEESE CO. KRANZ BUILDING, THIS CITY!

WANTED- MAN TO DO SHORT ORDER COOK IN ALL-NIGHT RESTAURANT. MUST WAIT TABLES, SCRUB FLOOR, WASH WINDOWS ENTERTAIN CUSTOMER SALARY \$1 WEEKLY! APPLY IN SAMPLES OF WORK

WANTED- MEN TO DIG TUNNEL THROUGH SOLID ROCK MOUNTAIN! GRUELING WORK! LONG HOURS! SALARY \$2.00 A WEEK. APPLY SAM LEGREE CO. THIS CITY!

WANTED- MAN TO CL- ELECT PUMI CARR- CARR- DILE- INVE- SAL

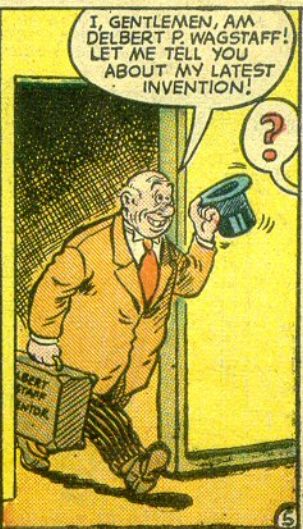


THE FOLLOWING DAY!

5 P.M. AND NO \$50B? REPLIES TO OUR AD! \$50B? GROAN!

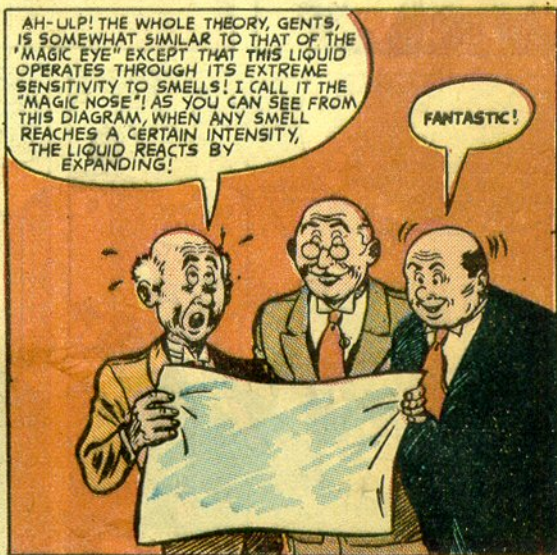
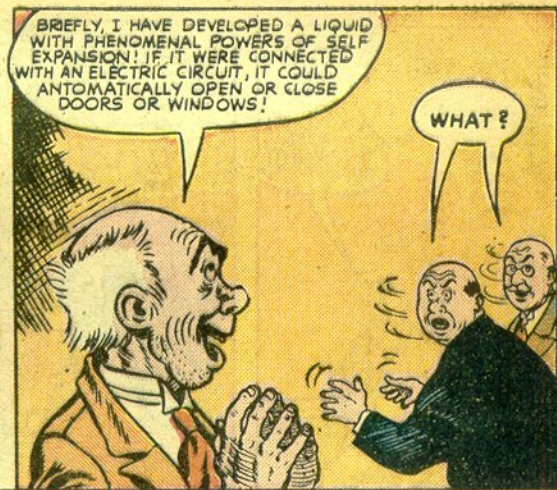
MR. WAGSTAFF TO SEE MISTER KRANZ! URGENT BUSINESS!

WE MIGHT AS WELL GIVE UP! WE'RE SUNK!



I, GENTLEMEN, AM DELBERT P. WAGSTAFF! LET ME TELL YOU ABOUT MY LATEST INVENTION!







MEANWHILE!

I'VE STOOD FOR THAT @??@! STINKIN' CHEESE FACTORY LONG ENOUGH!

HOW ABOUT A MASS MEETIN' TONIGHT? THAT WAY WE'LL COME TO A FAIR AND SQUARE DECISION!

SOMETHING HAS GOTTA BE DONE ABOUT IT, SEE?

EIGHT O'CLOCK? COUNT ME IN!

...SO, THAT NIGHT, SNAKE EYES, A INFORMAL LITTLE MEETING OF INFURIATED RESIDENTS WAS HELD AT THE LOCAL CLUB!

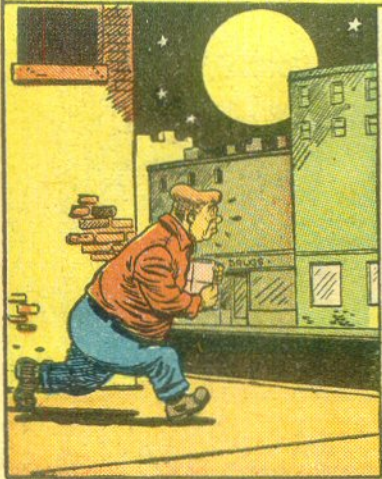
BONG BONG

EAST SIDE SOCIAL HALL

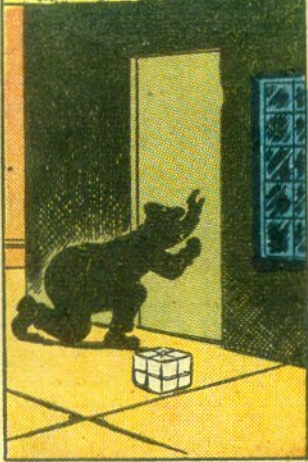




"WELL, THAT WAS ONE SPOT THE KID COULDN'T GAB HIS WAY OUT OF, SO THE NEXT THING HE KNEW, HE WAS SNEAKIN' THROUGH THE STREETS WITH A ARMFUL OF T.N.T.!"



"ARRIVING AT THE KRANZ BROTHERS' CHEESE FACTORY, HE JIMMIED THE BACK DOOR AND HOPPED INSIDE QUICK, JUST AS A COP HAD 'STROLLED PAST!'"



"...YEAH, YOU GUESSED IT, SNAKE EYES! STUMBLING AROUND IN THE DARK, THE KID HAD SUNK HIS BEAK INTO A WHOLE VATFUL OF PROFESSOR WAG-STAFF'S MIRACULUS MIXTURE!"



"LUCKILY, HE COME TO BEFORE HE'D QUITE STRANGLER TA DEATH, AN' SOMEWHAT UNNERVED, HE TORE OUTTA DA JERNT FAST!"



"...AFTER RUNNIN' ABOUT 28 BLOCKS, HE FINALLY PULLED HISSELF TOGETHER! SO HE'S WALKIN' ALONG, TRYIN' TO FIGGER OUT WHAT ACKCHULLY HAD HAPPENED, WHEN HEARS FOOTSTEPS - WIDOUT THINKIN' HE SAYS..."







HIYA, FLATHEAD! AIN'TCHA SUPPOSED TA BE BLOWIN' UP A FACTORY TONIGHT-SAY-HOW'D YA KNOW DEM FOOT-STEPS WAS ME?

WHY...ER...ER...GOSH! I DIDN'T SEE YA AT DAT! AN' YA DIDN'T SAY NUTTIN'...AN' YER FOOT'S STEPS IS VERY AVERAGE! OH, I KNOW-I SMELLED YA, BUTCHER! SAY, HOLD ON...



SNIFF! SNIFF!

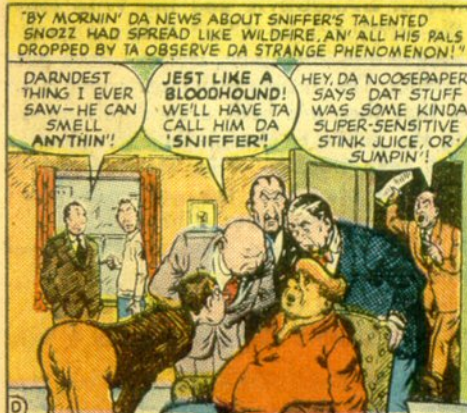
JIGGERS- BLACK BARNEY'S NEARBY SOME-WHERE!

WHAT? WHERE?



GULP! TANKS FER DA TIP! HOW'D YA KNOW IT WAS HIM?

I SMELLED 'IM!



"BY MORNIN' DA NEWS ABOUT SNIFFER'S TALENTED SNOZZ HAD SPREAD LIKE WILDFIRE, AN' ALL HIS PALS DROPPED BY TA OBSERVE DA STRANGE PHENOMENON!"

DARNDST THING I EVER SAW-HE CAN SMELL ANYTHIN'!

JEST LIKE A BLOODHOUND! WE'LL HAVE TA CALL HIM DA 'SNIFFER'!

HEY, DA NOOSEPAPER SAYS DAT STUFF WAS SOME KINDA SUPER-SENSITIVE STINK JUICE, OR SUMPIN'!



SO DAT'S WHY SNIFFER'S BEAK IS DA DELICATELY TUNED, CUNNIN' MECHANISM IT IS-WHAT A STORY!

YEAH-HORRIBLE, AIN'T IT? SEE WHY SNIFFER DON'T WANT IT TO GET AROUND?



I SURE DO! I WON'T NEVER TELL NOBODY! IN DA FIRST PLACE DEY WOULDN'T BELIEVE IT!

DAT'S DA WAY IT WAS, THOUGH!

POWERFUL—ACCURATE—FUN—INDOORS—OUTDOORS—SUMMER—WINTER—TARGET SHOOTING—HUNTING

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A beauty in looks and a wonder in performance. Has fast, single action compression chamber. Single shot. Easy loading and cocking—a pull of the plunger and it's ready to shoot. No pumping—just one action. Plenty of compression from the large air chamber and strong spring. Modeled after famous target pistol. Has non-slip moulded grip. Sturdy die-cast metal construction with machined steel operating parts for maximum accuracy. **FULL SIZE GUN—OVER 3 INCHES LONG BY 4 1/2 INCHES DEEP, WEIGHS 15 OUNCES.** Silent shooting—Economical to Operate. Order plenty of ammunition to keep you well supplied. We ship anywhere. Sorry, No C.O.D. Orders at these cash prices.

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# WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND?

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Dear Reader:

In every issue of DAREDEVIL COMICS this page is devoted to your opinions, ideas, and suggestions. Since the conception of DAREDEVIL COMICS, we have been guided by two ideals—first, the eradication of crime, and second, to give credit to the fearless detectives and officers of the law who daily risk their lives that you and we may live in a more lawful society.

CHARLES BIRO and BOB WOOD, Editors

I have just moved to North Buffalo where there are many boys my age. We are all very eager to organize a DAREDEVIL club and we would like some advice from you on how to go about doing it.

Yours sincerely, Dick Cole  
105 Kettering Drive, Buffalo, New York

*We have never organized a central DAREDEVIL club because of the large amount of personal attention it would involve to conduct it properly. I, for one, find very little time to spare for extra-curricular activity, with a deadline a week, illustrating four covers a month and writing the many stories that go into our books. Anyway, I feel that the success of a club depends mainly upon the enthusiasm of its members and their personal contact with each other. No mail-order organization could ever give you the true thrill of belonging, but like yourself, there are hundreds of groups of boys throughout the country who have formed their own DAREDEVIL, CRIMEBUSTER and CRIME DOES NOT PAY clubs and from the reports we get, they are doing nicely. For the info on the mechanical function of your club, I suggest that you use the United States Congress as a pattern.*

Charles Biro

I have just added another DAREDEVIL COMIC to my "Daredevil library." I am very much in favor of having an "old timer's" issue. Everything in your wonderful comic is all right except Sniffer. He doesn't belong in such a good book.

A faithful reader, Helen Dyess  
906 Symons St., Richland, Washington

*Sniffer is the most controversial character we have. It seems the readers either passionately adore him or dislike him. Sniffer, it appears, obviously can't please everybody—anyway, who can?*

The stories of DAREDEVIL and the Wise Guys and of the retribution of Albert Peters were the most plausible and interesting stories I have ever read in comics. The trouble with most comic book stories is that they are built around falsehoods, expecting the public to stretch their imagination beyond all sane bounds. Your stories tend to teach the youngsters that law and order does and always will triumph over crime. The little Wise Guys are a good example to set before the children.

A fan, Mrs. Elizabeth Tomczak  
1948 South 5 Place, Milwaukee 4, Wis.

*Thanks. All the DAREDEVIL stories are fundamentally based on true life experiences.*

The reason I have written this letter is to tell you that the readers really appreciate the care you take in making the stories original. Another important thing is that you have the plots "built up" before the real action begins.

Sincerely, Jerry Clack  
Box No. 187, Brookhaven, Georgia

P.S. My candidate for the 1948 presidency: Charles Biro.

*If elected, I will propose that all school books be printed in comic book form.*

Recently, I was so overwhelmed by your last couple of issues, that I am compelled to write to you to let you know from a G.I. that I think your stories of DAREDEVIL are something to match.

My hat is off to you, Mr. Biro, for putting out stories that are down-to-earth Americanism.

Yours truly, Pfc. Edward Jones, 16228446  
Co. E, 2nd Bn., 504 A.I.R.  
Fort Bragg, North Carolina

*Are there any other kind of stories?*

Please try to limit letters to about 50 words. All letters become the property of Lev Gleason Publications, Inc., and we reserve the right to edit same. Address all letters to DAREDEVIL COMICS, 114 East 32nd Street, New York 16, N. Y.



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Guaranteed Whistle-Bait — that's you in this smooth-and-comfy nylon 2-way stretch. No bones to dig your ribs. Just soft, light DuPont Nylon with firm elastic that stretches up-and-down and sideways for plenty of freedom. And oh! How this wonder-girdle hugs your curves . . .

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You don't have to pay a cent if you don't agree that this nylon 2-way stretch does wonders for your figure. Wear it for 10 days. If you aren't *absolutely satisfied* . . . send it back! Here's an offer no smart gal can afford to miss. Mail this coupon RIGHT AWAY!

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Rush  Nylon girdles, check  Panty  Regular. I will pay post-man only \$2.98 each plus postage. Send  extra crochets at 49c each C.O.D. plus postage. If not completely satisfied, I may return within 10 days for full purchase price refund.

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ALL LEATHER BELT**  
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THIS BEAUTIFUL ALL LEATHER BELT—EMBOSSSED AND HAND PAINTED WITH SILVER FINISHED BUCKLE, BELT TIP, AND BRIDGE! This belt is "Real Old West." The vivid colorings—red, blue, yellow, green, white, and brown—are hand painted on top of the embossing so that every detail stands out in its natural color as real as a western picture. The metal buckle, belt tip and bridge are embossed and silver finished, and stitched so that they cannot slip. A real work of art from tip to buckle—the finest product of skilled craftsmen with long years of high quality experience in belt making. It's comfortable, long wearing, distinctive, and harmonizes with almost any costume. Made in sizes 26 to 38.

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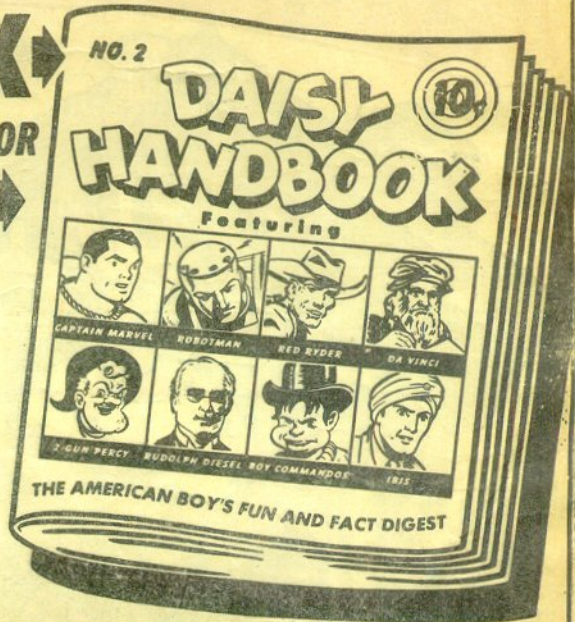
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Think of the fun and satisfaction that can now be yours with this Swiss Chalet Electric Whirling Clock. This new ornamental clock with its colorful and intricate Swiss design, its beautiful molded plastic case and its precision electric movement, will add charm and beauty to any room. Your family and friends will be positively delighted with the striking colors of the painted Alpine Scene which adorns the clear-view, easily read dial of the clock. Made to represent a world renowned Swiss Chalet this lovely clock is unquestionably the most beautiful, the most original and the most useful electric clock ever to be offered for the sensational low price of \$3.69 or two for \$6.95. All the quaint styling of famed Swiss Craftsmen is faithfully reproduced in this beautiful chalet replica, from the rustic colored shingles on the roof to the artistic chimney to the latticed windows and mounted deer's head. Even the native bird and the quaint peasant clothes of the boy and girl are all accurately reproduced. This Swiss Chalet Precision Electric Whirling Clock is made so it can either hang on wall or stand on table. Measures full 6 1/4 inches high. It's unconditionally guaranteed to satisfy and to perform faithfully and accurately.

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